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305
September
1991
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MAD

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MAD

"Elections are when people find out what politicians stand for,
and politicians find out what people will fall for!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS the usual gang of idiots

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

BACK COVER WRITERS: CHARLIE KADAU and JOE RAIOLA PHOTO RESEARCH: ROGER GLAZER

MAD (ISSN 0024-9319) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Second class postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 8 issues \$13.75 or 24 issues \$33.75 or 40 issues \$53.75. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 8 issues \$18.75 or 24 issues \$46.75 or 40 issues \$74.75. (Canadian price has GST tax included.) Entire contents copyright © 1991 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"



MAD



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Millfred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

Each Pin is cast in Space Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things!)

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

An Important Reminder! Each Official MAD Pin is so valuable it will be personally delivered to your home by an official United States Government Employee, dressed like a mailman!

This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

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MAD

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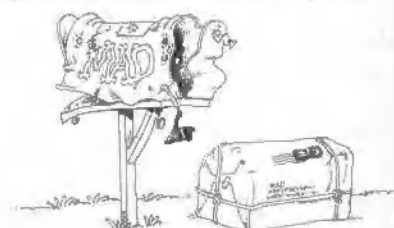
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USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



AND THEY CALL IT PUPPY LOVE?

Well, it's obvious that you guys have never had a dog, since on page 39 of issue #303's "A MAD Guide to How Simple Things Work Part II," you refer to a male dog as "in heat." Only FEMALE dogs have a "heat" cycle! Male dogs are *always* "in the mood"!

Jerry Greenberg
Bronx, NY

Oh yeah? If you're so smart, then answer us this: If male dogs don't go into heat, where do we get hot dogs from?—Ed.

NICK—AT NIGHT

I just read the letters section in issue #302 about MAD Co-Editor Nick Meglin appearing on the TV show *thirtysomething*. What kind of nonsense is this? If Nick did appear on the show, why didn't they kill him off and let Gary live??

Toni Adams
Santa Barbara, CA



It's true, Toni! Nick appeared on this season's "costume party" episode of *thirtysomething*, as these photos of him and Tim (Elliot) Busfield prove. Actually, since Nick's appearance, other cast members refer to Gary as "Mr. Lucky"! Watch for Nick (looking only slightly more animated than he does here) when the episode is rerun!

A LETTER FROM THE SIMPSONS

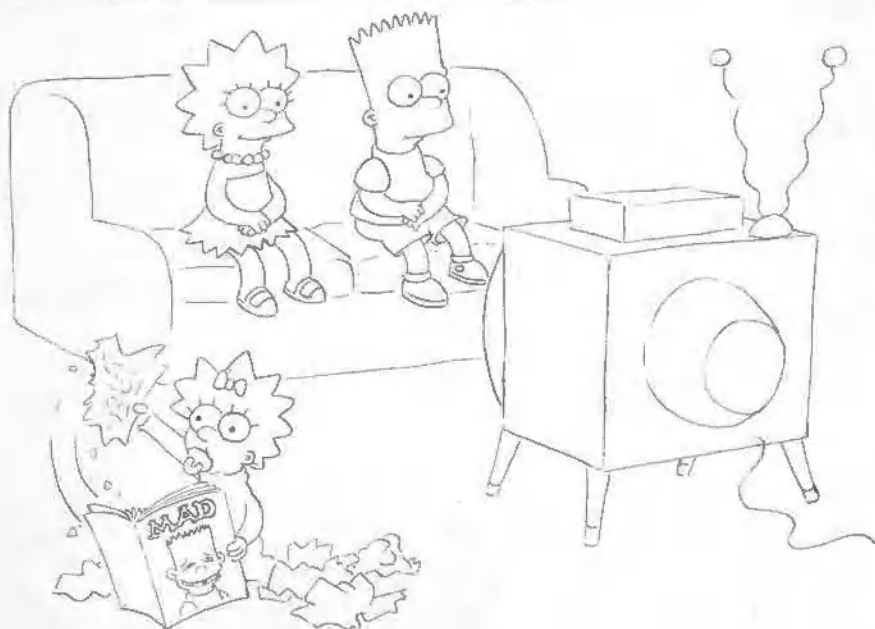
THE SIMPSONS™

Dear Clods,

Thanks for putting me on the cover of your magazine. I haven't read the article yet, but Maggie seems to be enjoying it.

Sincerely,

Bart Simpson



This letter and original artwork from The Simpsons recently arrived in our mailbox. Oddly, while Maggie was busying herself with another under-achieving issue of MAD, Bart and Lisa were parked in front of their TV set, engrossed in another hilarious episode of The Cosby Show! Go figure!

FRIEND OF WILDLIFE?

As a hunter, trapper and fisherman, I was very disappointed to see your anti-hunting and anti-trapping comments in MAD #302 ("Babar's Final Adventure" and "The Lighter Side"). Your articles showed the same naive and narrow-minded views about wildlife that most animal-rights people have. This is an issue that you know little about, and until you print articles like "The Lighter Side of Overpopulated and Starving Animals" or have Duck Edwing do some cartoons about fox and mink dying from mange, I suggest you stay away from it.

Jonathan Carson
Chosebury, WI

Jon boy—We have printed articles like the ones you suggest. It's obvious you missed MAD #274, from which the following panel is reproduced! —Ed.



MORON MAIL

Oh boy! Oh boy! I love lemonade, don't you?

Mike Hall
Royal Oak, MI

Mike—That isn't lemonade.—Ed.

Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 305, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope or a note wishing Sara best wishes on her move to Russia!

AWESOME! GREAT! HILARIOUS! TOPICAL! WITTY!

Is a list of words in alphabetical order.
Unfortunately, none of them apply to...



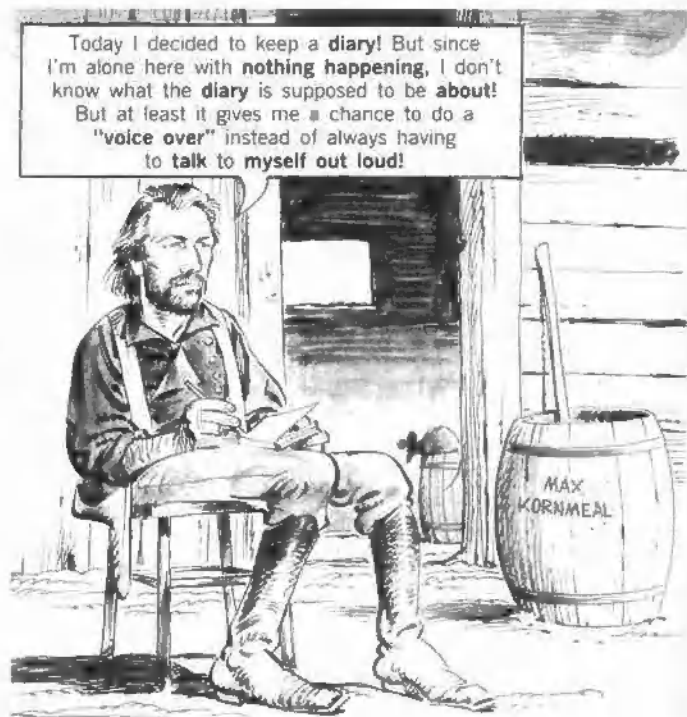
But since research shows that most people only read the large words in book ads, we're hoping that you'll skip over these small words which reveal that this book is ill-conceived, poorly written and intellectually vapid, and instead that you'll skip to these other large words...

ZANY! FUN! INSPIRATIONAL! BUY IT!!! BUY IT!!!

TRIBE AND TRIBULATIONS DEPT.

What do *Flashdance*, *Dirty Dancing* and the following film have in common? The fact that they all have the word "dance" in the title? No...The fact that they were all spoofed in MAD by artist Mort Drucker and writer Stan Hart? No...Perhaps it's that in each of these films the star dances with a dangerous hairy animal? Close...but still not the "Bingo!" answer. How about that none of these films dealt seriously with the plight of the American Indian? Bingo! Here's...

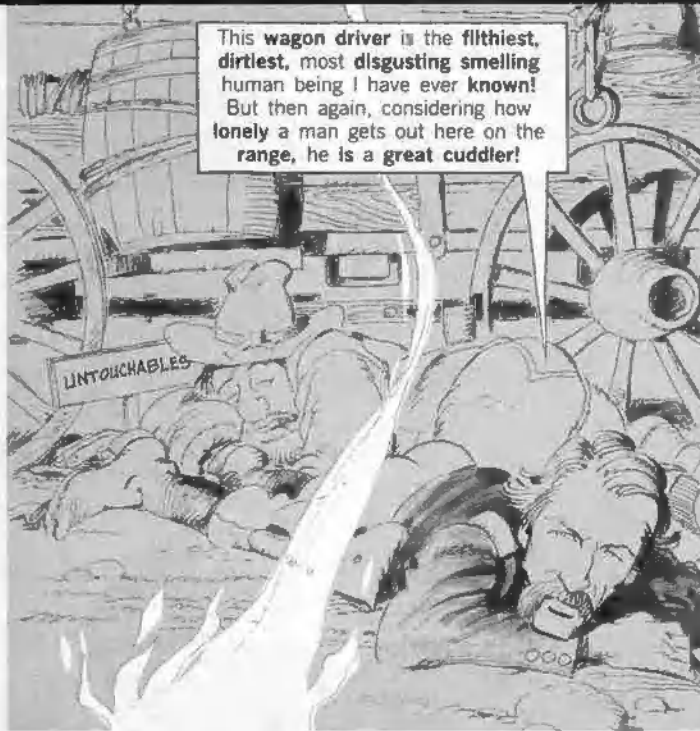
DUN



ES WITH WOLVES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



Dear Diary: Today I saw some humans for the first time. They were Sioux children playing "Cowboys and Indians." In their version, guess who won?



Dear Diary: I have found a wounded white woman who was dressed as a Sioux! I've heard of cases like this where Indians raised a white child they found when it was young!



Dear Diary: I haven't seen a woman for many months, so I must struggle with a moral dilemma - should I do what any soldier who proudly wears the uniform of Uncle Sam would do, or should I leave her clothes on and not touch her?

Hey, pretty woman, maybe we could get better acquainted!

Not tonight, I'm having a flashback...

Sam, why are the Indians taking our child?

Because twenty years from now they'll need her as an interpreter so they can talk to Lt. Dumbbar without using subtitles all the time!

As long as it's for a good cause!



Fablungit gay gezuntahey!

Vus mochtstu?

Gurnish helfan, boychik!

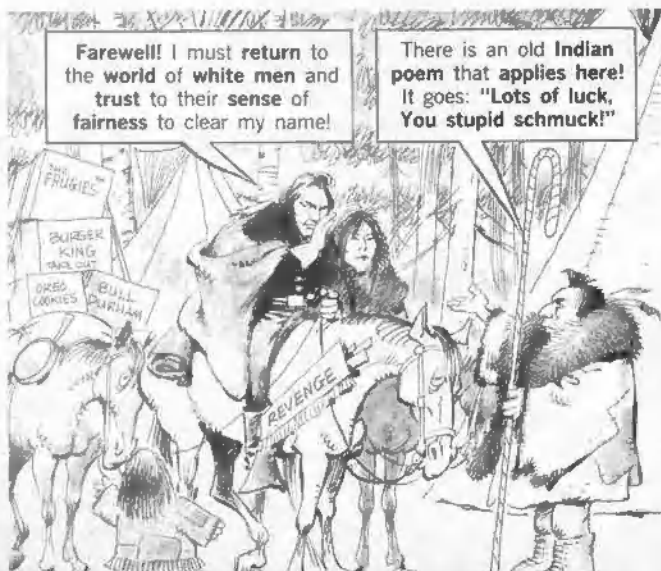
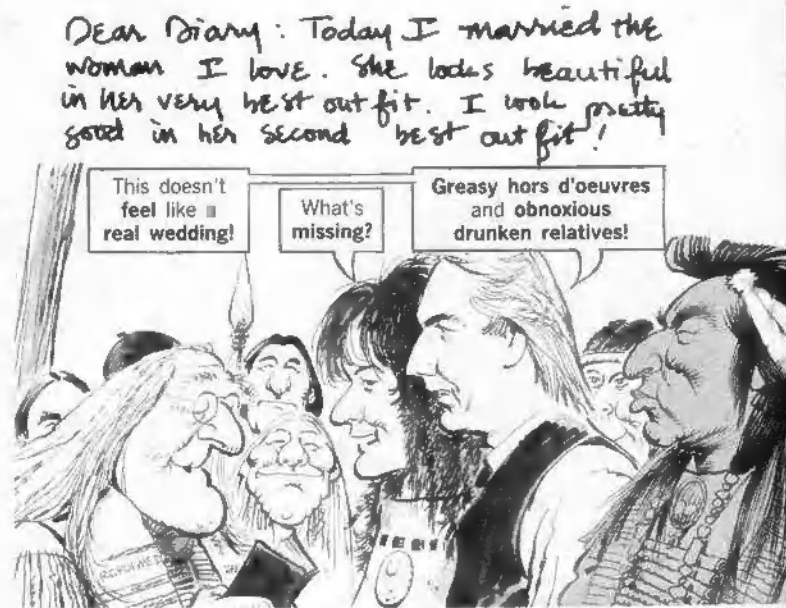
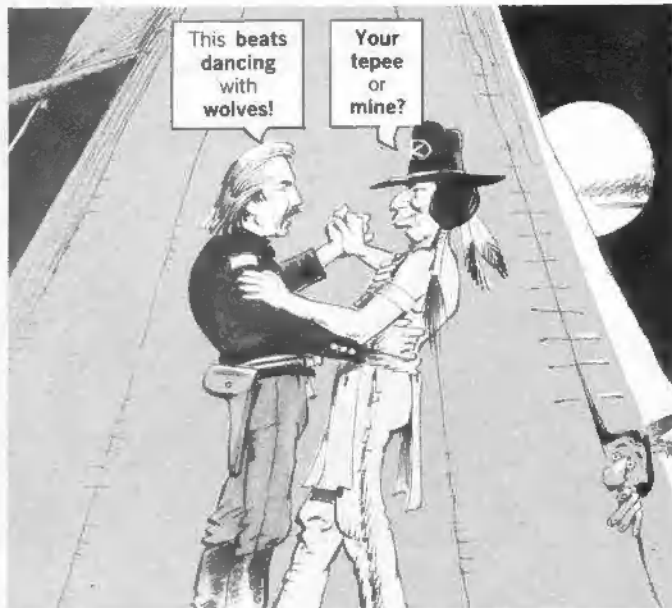
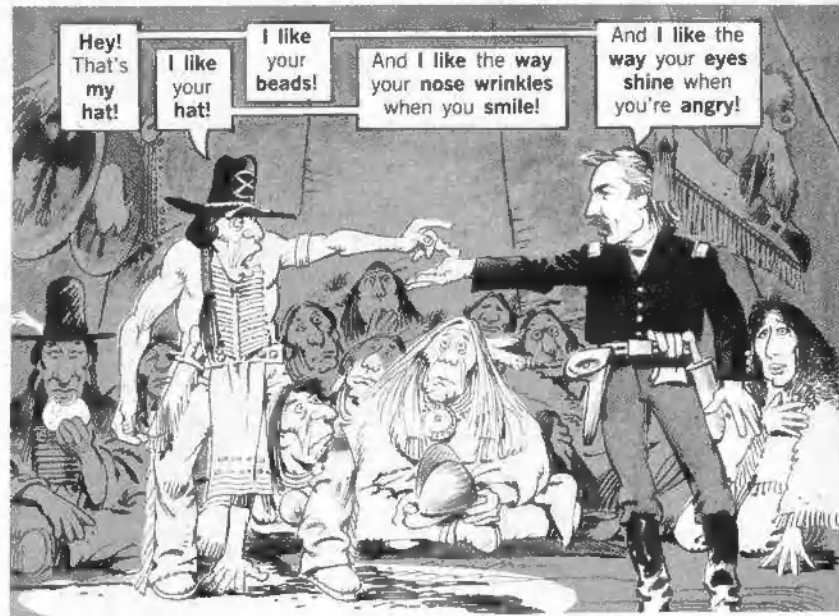
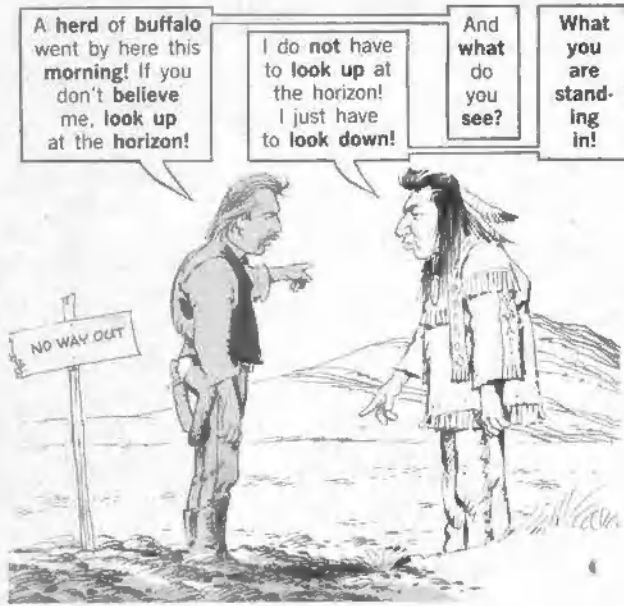
Dear Diary: The rampaging buffalo is a magnificent spectacle to be had. It is sad that we will see nothing like this stampede again until "President's Day" sales in department stores many years from now!



If all white people smoked the pipe of peace for a few years there would be no more wars!

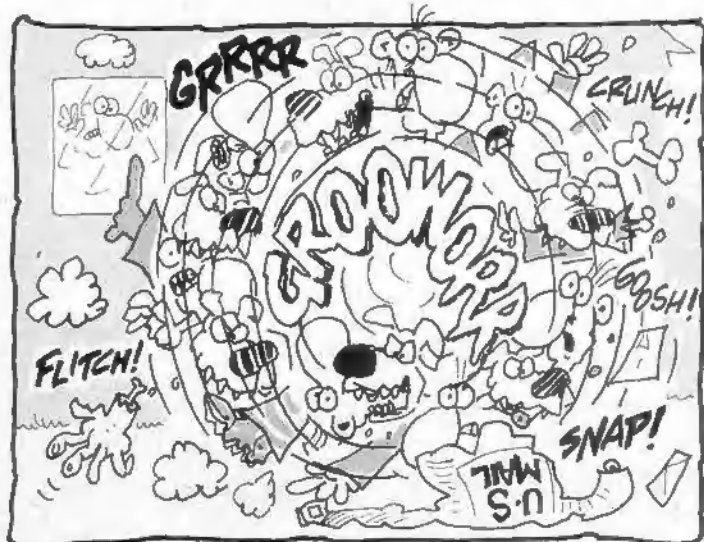
Why is that?

Because then they'd all be dead from emphysema, heart disease and cancer!



THE PROVERBIAL POSTAL/POOCH PARABLE PART I

ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING





HEADS OF GRATE DEPT.

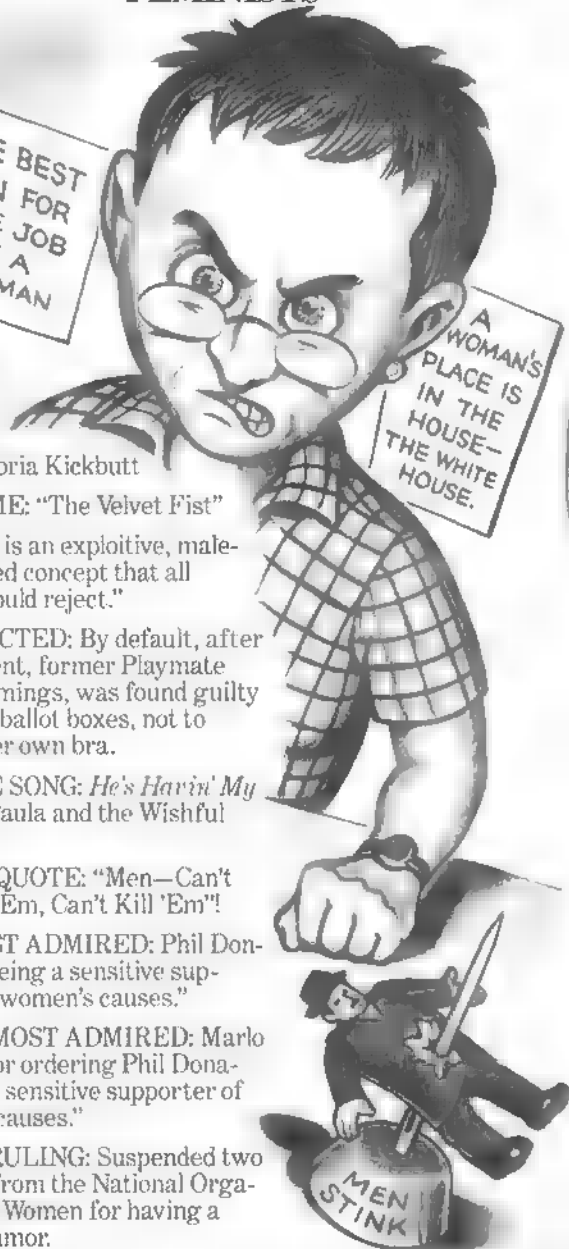
Question: Aside from sitting and scratching themselves on national TV, what do athletes in the NBA, the NFL and Major League Baseball have in common? Answer: Commissioners! Yep, from football to hockey to baseball to golf, every really big-time sport has a commissioner, a person who can arbitrate, mediate, dictate and investigate every situation, big or small. But if commissioners are such a good idea for organized professional sports, why shouldn't other well-established groups have their own commissioners? Something like the people that we have featured in this incredibly exciting and mentally stimulating feature entitled...

"OTHER" COMMISSIONERS

ARTIST: JOHN POUND

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

Commissioner of FEMINISTS



NAME: Gloria Kickbutt

NICKNAME: "The Velvet Fist"

AGE: "Age is an exploitive, male-perpetuated concept that all women should reject."

HOW ELECTED: By default, after her opponent, former Playmate Babs Cummings, was found guilty of stuffing ballot boxes, not to mention her own bra.

FAVORITE SONG: *He's Harin' My Baby*, by Paula and the Wishful Thinkers.

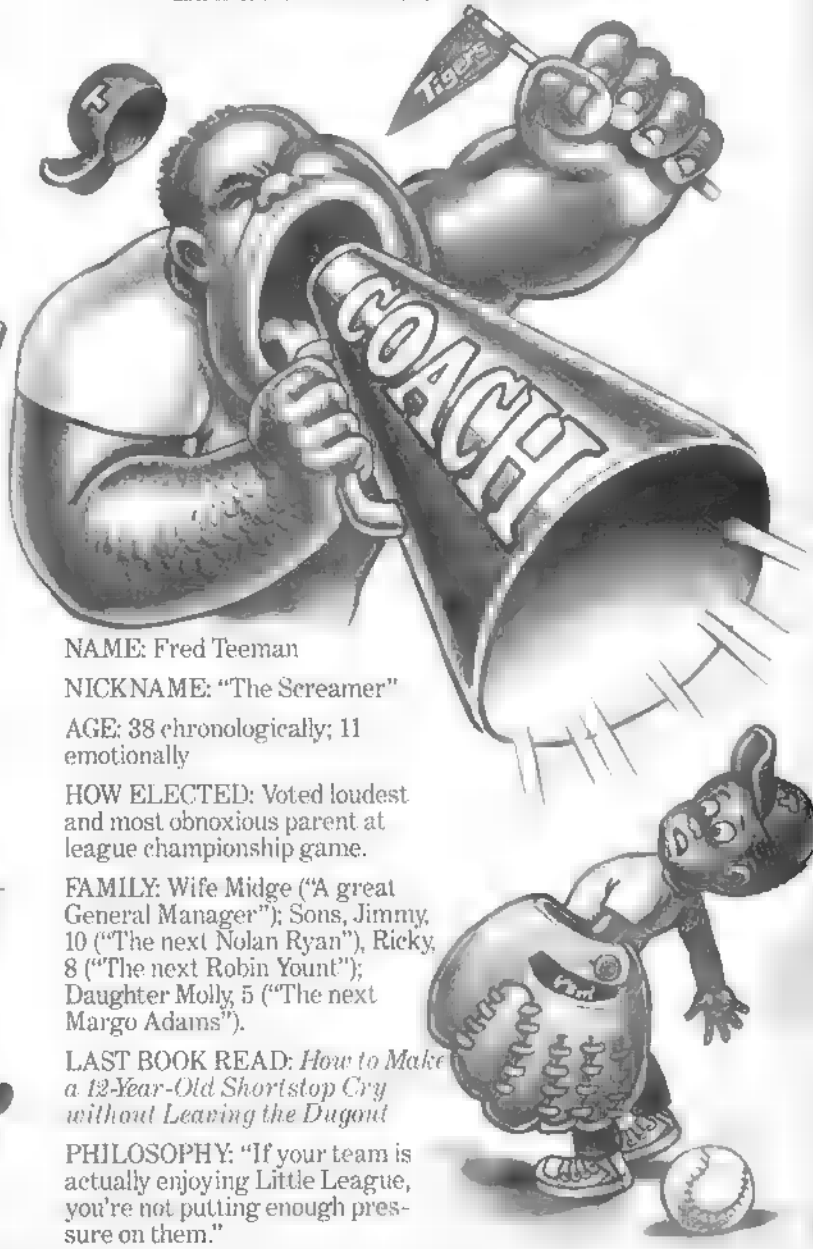
RECENT QUOTE: "Men—Can't Live With 'Em, Can't Kill 'Em!"

MAN MOST ADMIRER: Phil Donahue, for being a sensitive supporter of "women's causes."

WOMAN MOST ADMIRER: Marlo Thomas, for ordering Phil Donahue to be a sensitive supporter of "women's causes."

LATEST RULING: Suspended two feminists from the National Organization of Women for having a sense of humor.

Commissioner of LITTLE LEAGUE PARENTS



NAME: Fred Teeman

NICKNAME: "The Screamer"

AGE: 38 chronologically; 11 emotionally

HOW ELECTED: Voted loudest and most obnoxious parent at league championship game.

FAMILY: Wife Midge ("A great General Manager"); Sons, Jimmy, 10 ("The next Nolan Ryan"), Ricky, 8 ("The next Robin Yount"); Daughter Molly, 5 ("The next Margo Adams").

LAST BOOK READ: *How to Make a 12-Year-Old Shortstop Cry without Leaving the Dugout*

PHILOSOPHY: "If your team is actually enjoying Little League, you're not putting enough pressure on them."

Commissioner of ROCK STARS



NAME: Bim Bim Groove X Jam

AGE: twentysomething

GENDER: Flexible

PREVIOUS JOB: Conscientious Objector in The War on Illiteracy

QUALIFICATIONS: 80% hearing loss in both ears.

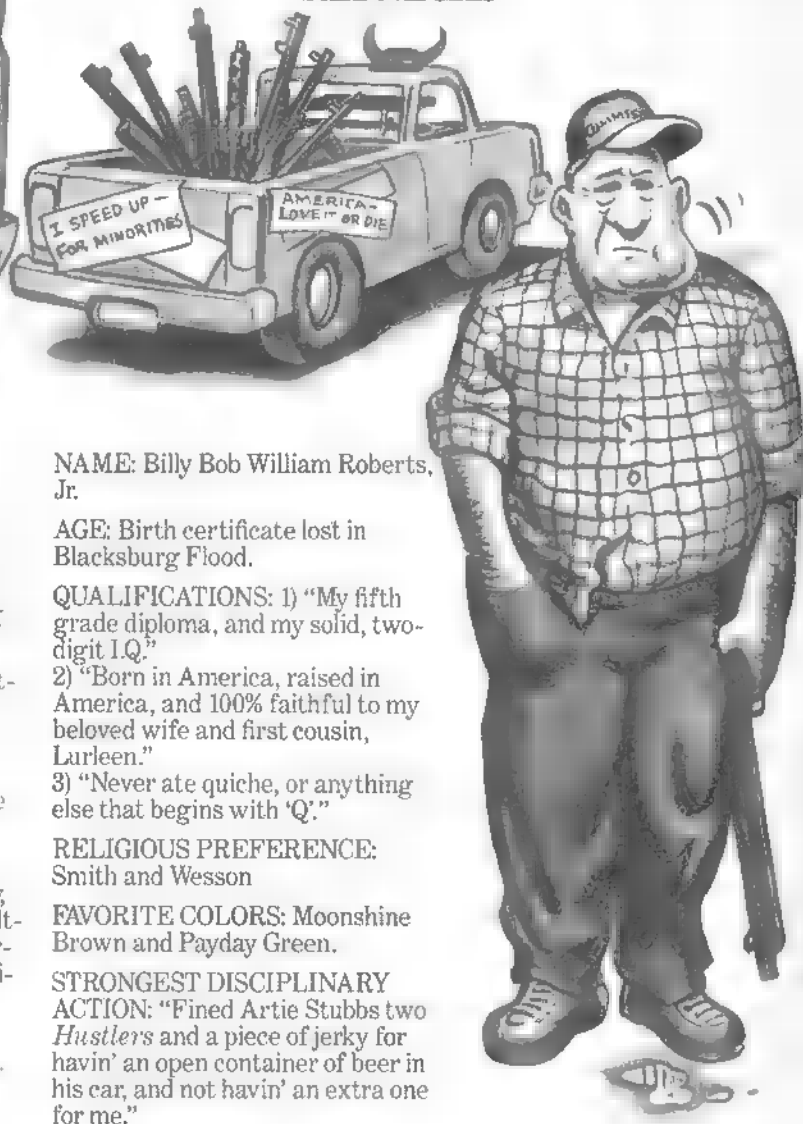
BEST THING ABOUT JOB: "Getting free tickets to New Kids on the Block concerts."

WORST THING ABOUT JOB: "Having to go to New Kids on the Block concerts."

RECENT RULINGS: Ordered Madonna, in the name of equality, to record a new music video insulting to gay Eskimo harpoon fishermen, the only ethnic/lifestyle/religious group she has not yet offended.

GOAL: To convince Paul McCartney to stop writing love songs about his wife.

Commissioner of REDNECKS



NAME: Billy Bob William Roberts, Jr.

AGE: Birth certificate lost in Blacksburg Flood.

QUALIFICATIONS: 1) "My fifth grade diploma, and my solid, two-digit I.Q."

2) "Born in America, raised in America, and 100% faithful to my beloved wife and first cousin, Larleen."

3) "Never ate quiche, or anything else that begins with 'Q.'"

RELIGIOUS PREFERENCE: Smith and Wesson

FAVORITE COLORS: Moonshine Brown and Payday Green.

STRONGEST DISCIPLINARY ACTION: "Fined Artie Stubbs two *Hustlers* and a piece of jerky for havin' an open container of beer in his car, and not havin' an extra one for me."

Commissioner of TV WEATHERMEN



NAME: Marty "Thunderclap" Bickerman

NICKNAME: "Mr. Warm Front"

AGE: "29—and like the barometric pressure, rising! Yuk, yuk!"

HOW ELECTED: Wrote winning slogans in TV weatherman bumper sticker contest for last two years:

1) "May the Closest You Come to a Drought Be a Dry Martini!"
2) "Flood Victims are All Wet!"

PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT: Was the first weatherman to identify "Hurricane Sheeky."

LENGTH OF TERM: Until the station manager tires of his sophomoric schtick and replaces him with a new weather guy with a totally different sophomoric schtick.

RECENT ON-AIR QUOTE "To a lot of people, weather conditions are significant. What a bunch of losers!"

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "Keep your weathercast light. For every person killed in a tornado, thousands are having barbecues someplace else!"





Commissioner of CAR MECHANICS

NAME: Al "Bud" Datillo

NICKNAME: "Bad News"

HOW ELECTED: Defeated incumbent "Big Johnny" Lugnuts by revealing that in 1986, Johnny failed to pad the bill on a brake job he did for his mother.

FAVORITE SONG: "The sound of an engine that needs a tuneup."

LENGTH OF TERM: 5 years, or 5,000 creative excuses why a customer's car "Won't be ready till Monday."

LATEST RULING: Fined Eddie "The Dipstick" Miller \$100 for having insufficient grease under his fingernails.

PERSONAL CREED: "I use only the finest replacement parts, whether a customer needs them or not."



Commissioner of DRIVERS OVER 70



NAME: Willard "Pops" Watson

NICKNAME: "Other drivers have plenty of names for me, but I can never read their lips."

AGE: seventysomething

HOW ELECTED: Over a five-mile stretch of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, other motorists flipped him the bird an unprecedented 39 times.

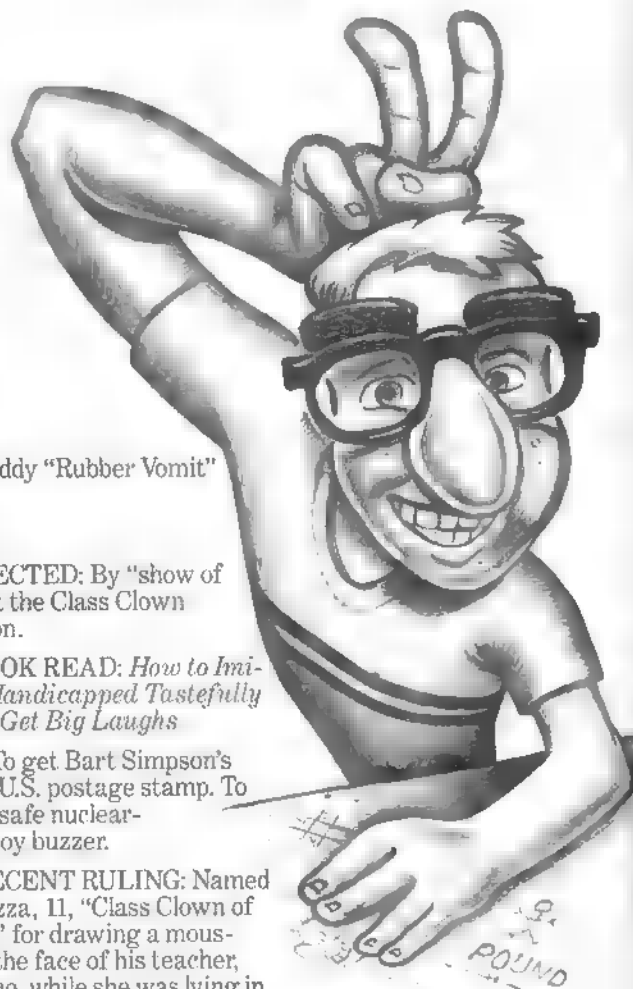
LATEST ACHIEVEMENT: Sold one million "Honk if you want—my hearing aid's turned OFF!" bumper stickers through a single ad in *Modern Maturity*.

BEST PART OF JOB: "Getting to decide how many miles under the speed limit my fellow senior drivers will drive each week."

WORST PART OF JOB: "Trying to decide how far to pull my hat down on my head when I drive."

GOAL IN LIFE: "Trying to remember which exit I have to go to to get to the General Store."

Commissioner of CLASS CLOWNS



NAME: Eddy "Rubber Vomit" Herbig

AGE: 12

HOW ELECTED: By "show of moons" at the Class Clown Convention.

LAST BOOK READ: *How to Imitate the Handicapped Tastefully and Still Get Big Laughs*

GOALS: To get Bart Simpson's face on a U.S. postage stamp. To perfect a safe nuclear-powered joy buzzer.

MOST RECENT RULING: Named Teddy Cozza, 11, "Class Clown of the Week" for drawing a moustache on the face of his teacher, Miss Rosco, while she was lying in state at Bowers Mortuary.

ONE-SENTENCE OUTLOOK ON LIFE: "When in doubt, burp real loud."

MAIM THAT TUNE DEPT.

Each year, millions of tiny kids are herded into day care centers and Sunday schools where they are commanded to join in the singing of traditional songs and carols before they are old enough to read and understand the lyrics. The result is tragically predictable. They sing the words they think they hear, and form a pattern that often lasts a lifetime. Many preoccupied grownups keep right on singing the same muddled words to the same songs in the same way. This, of course, makes us sound like a nation of idiots as we stand reverently at such somber events as patriotic rallies, church services and even baseball games to fill the air with...

AMERICA'S TOP AS THEY SOUND

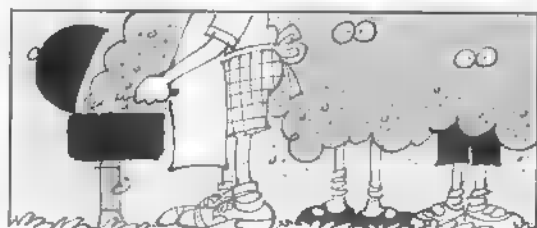
My Uncle, Liz And Me



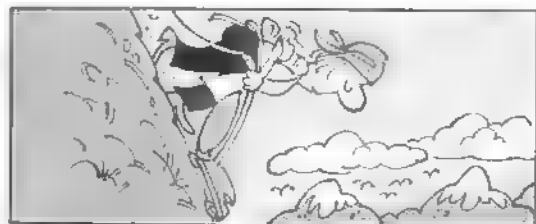
My uncle, Liz and me



*Eat ham with liberty.
Of tea, we sing.*



*Ham that my father fried;
Ham when the children cried.*



*On every mountainside,
Let's clean 'til Spring.*

The Star Strangled Grandma



*No way can you see through this song's early light
What had sounded like hail at the night light's loud screaming.*



*Who brought tripe and Mars bars to the last Eastern flight
On the rampage with scotch while the gals were all steaming.*



*And our pockets were bare
When they first hit the air
As they proved we were right and our bags were still there.*



*No way does that star strangled Grandma smell Dave,
For the mandolin is free,
And our home is a cave.*





TRADITIONAL SONGS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

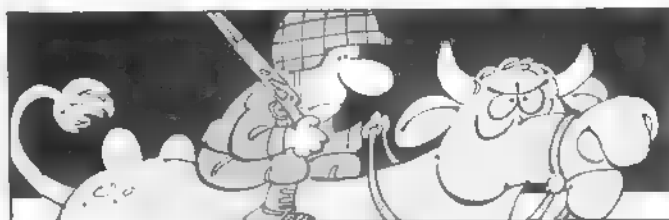
WRITER: TOM KOCH

D TO FIVE-YEAR-OLDS

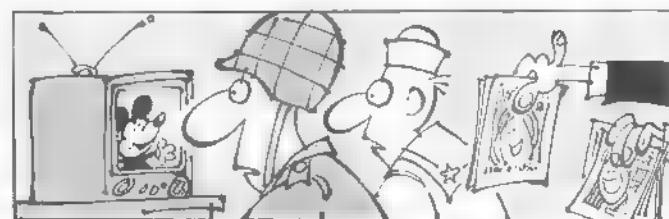
That Marine! Him!



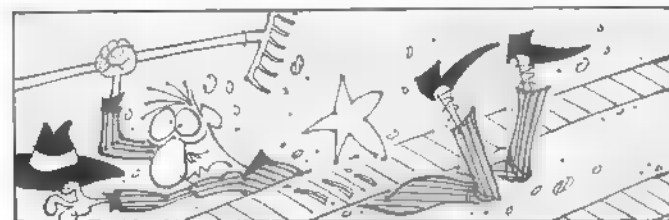
*From the Halls of Minneso-ota
To the doors of misery,*



*We will ride on grumpy ca-attle
In Iran and Italy.*



*If the Army or the Navy
Ever look at magazines,*

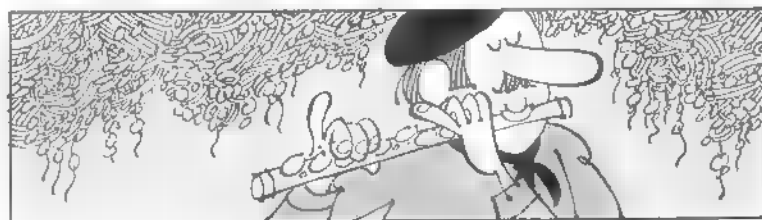


*They will find the creeps with garden tools
Have been smashed to smithereens.*

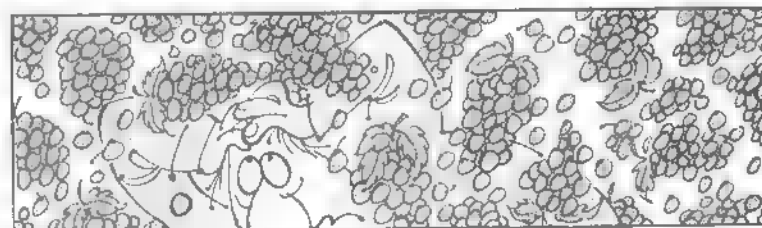
America, The Boot Is Full



*Your boot is full of spacey guys,
And candles made by Jane,*



*From curdled mounds of macramé
Above the flutes in Spain.*



America! America! Go shed your grapes on me.

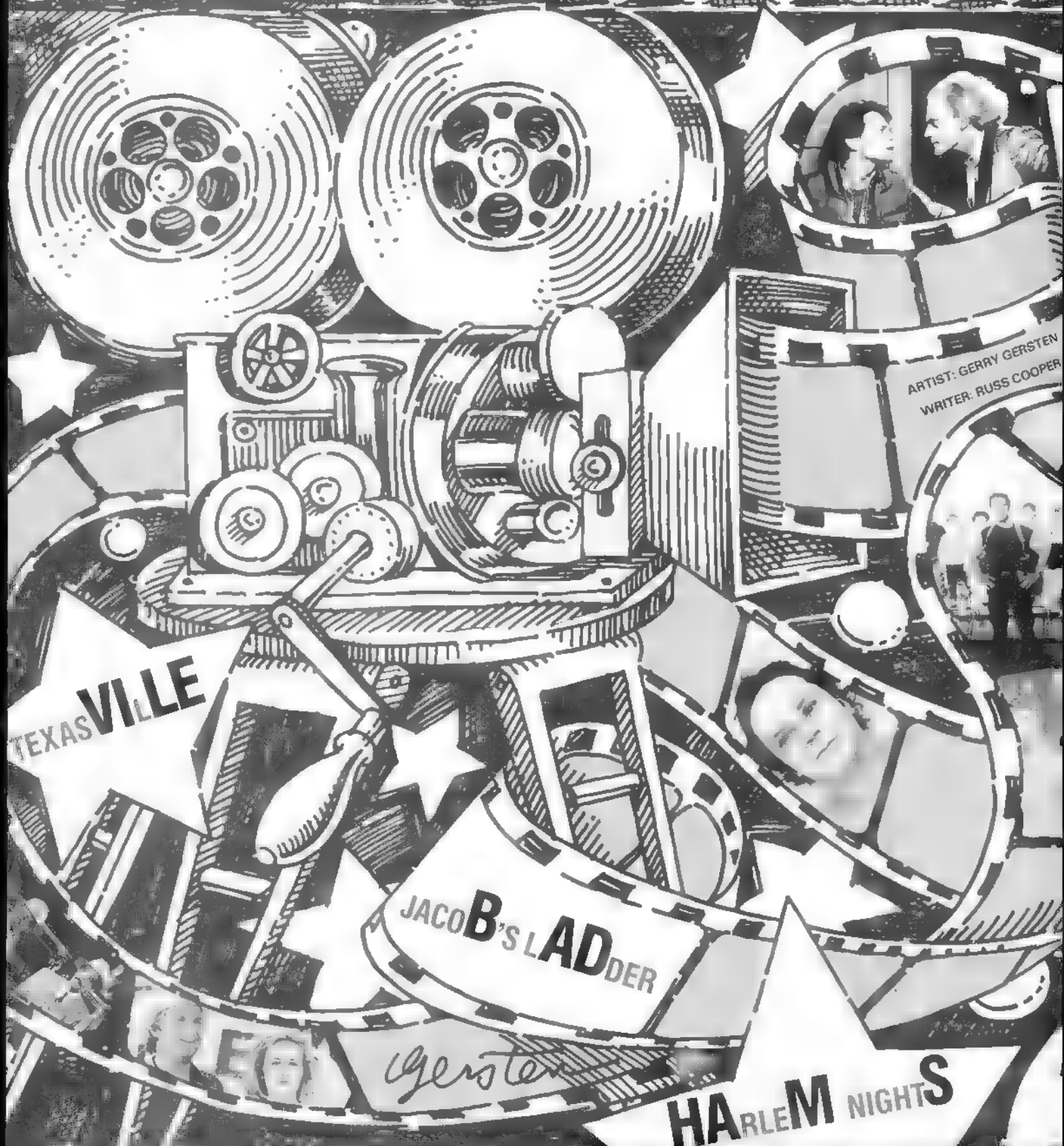


*Your clown's no good at motherhood.
We'll see what we shall see.*



What's in a movie title? Maybe a hidden, true review! Here's...

MAD'S INSTANT MOVIE



ARTIST: GERRY GERSTEN
WRITER: RUSS COOPER

HARLEM NIGHTS

IT'S THE REEL ZING DEPT.

REVIEWS

QUIGLEY
DOWN UNDER

DICK TRACY

BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

GREMLINS 2: THE NEW BATCH

BACK TO THE FUTURE PART III

STAR TREK V:
THE FINAL FRONTIER

FLIGHT OF
THE INTRUDER

ANOTHER
48 HOURS

THE FABULOUS BAKER BOYS

A PEW TO A KILL DEPT.

Some skeptics question, Is there a God? Some TV viewers question, If there is a God, how could he let a show like this get on the air? Of course, we're talking about...

Father

Hi! I'm **Father Jowly**! Welcome to my parish. **Our Lady of Miraculous Clues!** **Sister Stevedore** and I do the work of **God**, not to mention the police and the **FBI**! I guess you can call us a two-person **Lord enforcement agency**!

Right! Before I became a nun I used to lie, cheat and steal, at will! But working together with **Father Jowly** has changed all that! Now when I lie, cheat and steal I do it in **God's name**!

I'm **Merry**, the housekeeper! I love to cook! Look at what I just made—**roast turkey**, stuffing, candied sweet potatoes, three kinds of vegetables, mince pie and home made ice cream! And that's just breakfast! Now for lunch...



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

Father Jowly, you've conducted only **one baptism and three weddings in two years**! How do you expect this church to support itself?

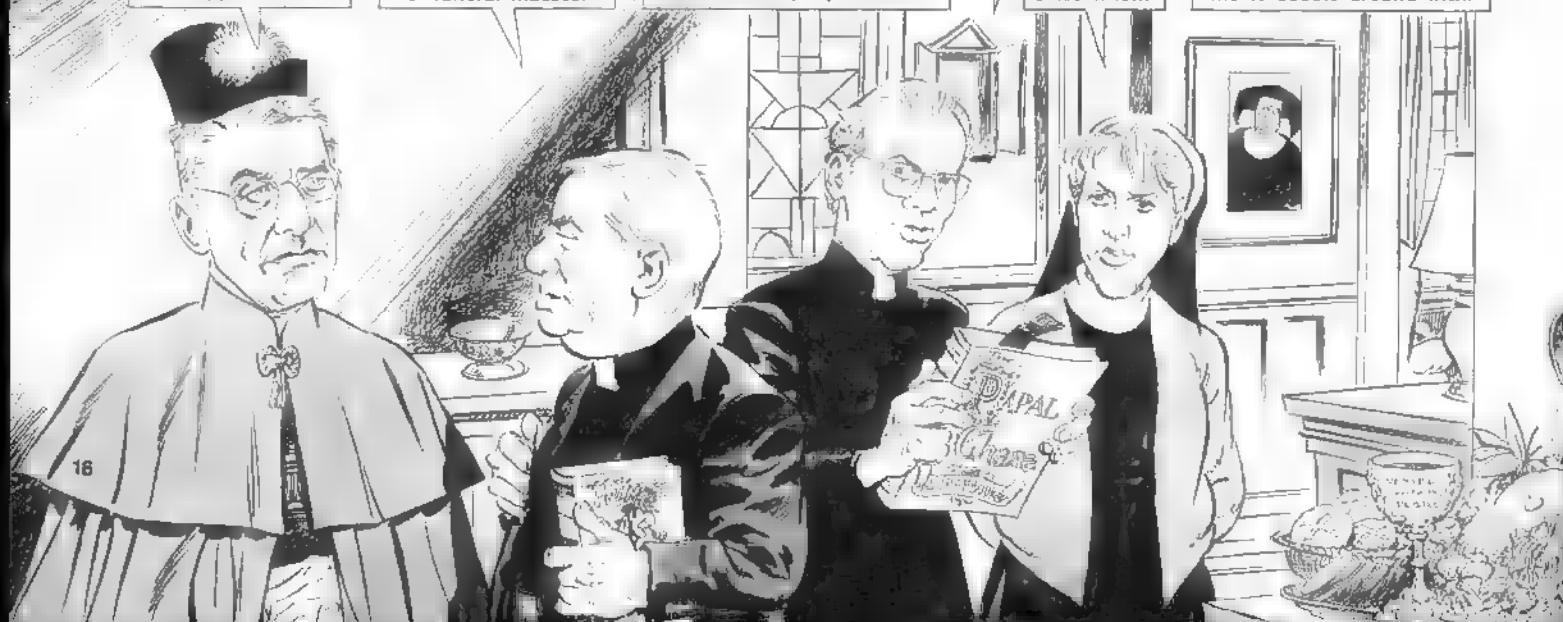
You forget, Monsignor, that **Our Lady of Miraculous Clues** leads the entire nation in the number of funeral masses!

That's only because most of the corpses in those funeral masses are the result of **Sister Stevedore** and you interfering with police business and getting a lot of innocent people killed!

I can vouch for that! My scrapbook has all the facts!

Scrapbook? Since when?

It's my schtick for this episode! They never know what to do with my character, so every week they contrive some new hobby or interest for me to dabble around with!



Jowly Miseries

Are you staring at me? Well, I'm **Father Pestweak!** I may be a **strange, bumbling priest**, but I'm responsible for winning **thousands, perhaps millions of converts!** They all converted to **other religions**, but hey, **converts are converts**, right?

We're the **local police!** You may think it's **bad form** for us to be **playing cards while on duty**, but there's **nothing else** for us to do in Chicago since the **"Holy Duo"** started their **crusade on crime!**

Stop talking to those **idiots out there** and **play!** I **open for a quarter...**

I'm **Jessica Fletcher!** No, I'm not in this series, but sometimes it's so similar to my show, **Murder, She Wrote**. I **forget who I am** and put on **nun's clothes!** Evidently Father Jowly is against all crimes except **plagiarism!**



WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm glad I've got my **cooking schtick** to fall back on! How would you like a little **snack, Monsignor?** I just whipped up a **fresh pot of tea** and a **leg of lamb**, mint jelly, three kinds of **pasta...**

Why don't you have **bingo** like **other churches?**

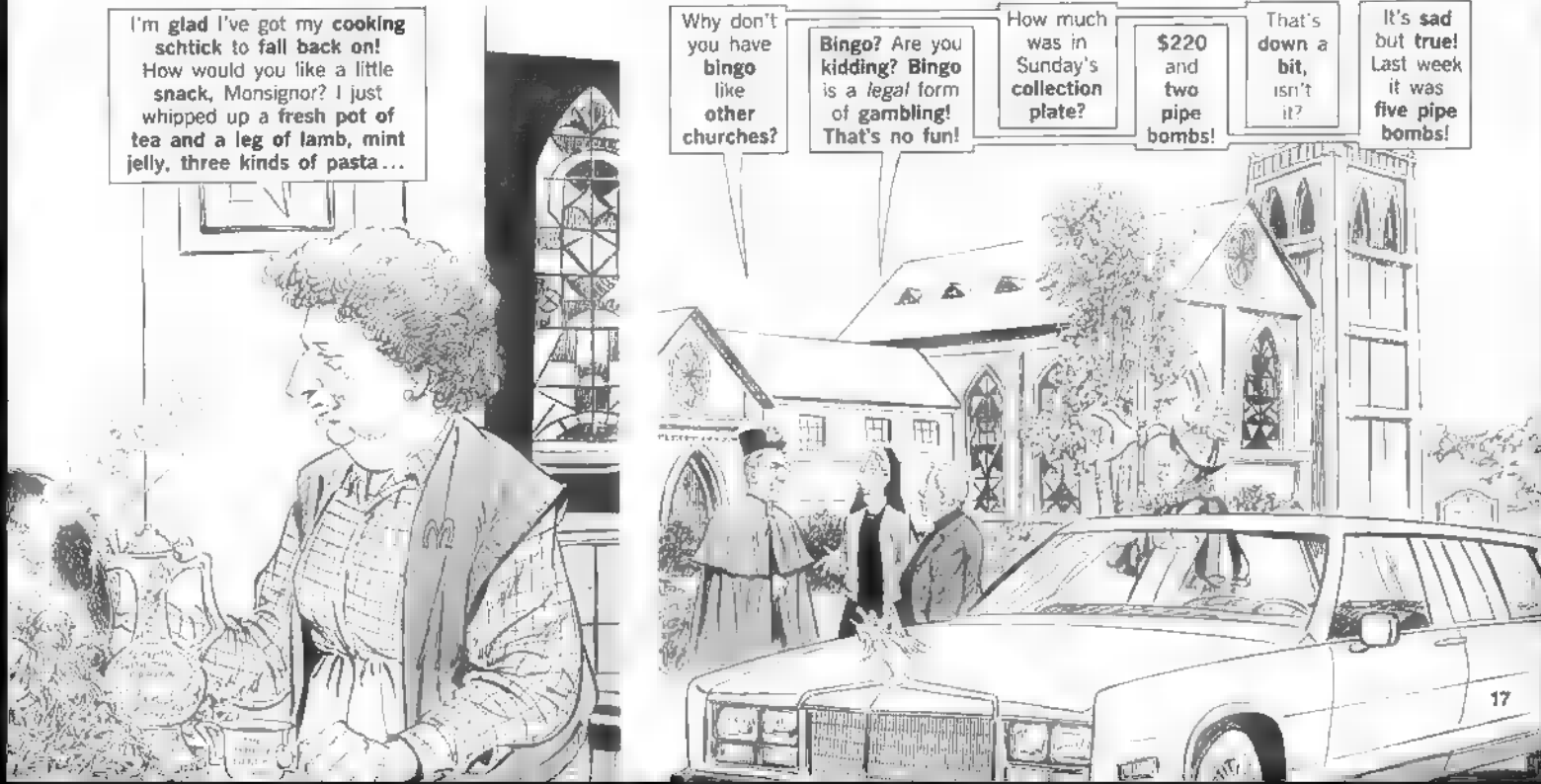
Bingo? Are you kidding? **Bingo** is a **legal form of gambling!** That's no fun!

How much was in Sunday's **collection plate?**

\$220 and two **pipe bombs!**

That's down a **bit**, isn't it?

It's **sad but true!** Last week it was **five pipe bombs!**



Look at this \$10 bill! It's counterfeit! The picture is wrong!

No it's not, Father! Hamilton is on the \$10 bill!

Alexander Hamilton, yes! This is George Hamilton!

You're right! What a keen eye to pick up a minor detail like that!

We'll have to track down those counterfeiters!

I'll start by dressing up as a Leprechaun!

Why a Leprechaun?

Well, I've already dressed up as a hooker, a hit man, a druggie and just about every other kind of unsavory character! There aren't too many disguises left that insult real nuns!

WANNA BET?

Hmm, this is interesting! Father Jowly, look at the way the end of this \$10 bill is folded over!

Someone's wallet is too small to fit the whole bill! Now, if we can just find that person, it might be a very important lead!

There are millions of people in Chicago! Do you know how long it would take us to find a person with a wallet too small to manage an unfolded \$10 bill?

Are you kidding? With the way miraculous clues always seem to appear out of thin air for you two? I'd say about ten minutes!

Here's your clean vestment, Father Jowly! And here's your \$10 change! Sorry, but the end of the bill is folded over!

Okay, so I'm wrong! It only takes two minutes for miraculous clues to appear!

Pete, who gave you this \$10 bill!

You gotta be kidding! I get lots of \$10 bills in a day! I couldn't possibly remember!

C'mon, Pete, think!

Let's put it this way—does the word "excommunication" mean anything to you?

Yeah! It was a man at 75 Fudge Ripple Road in the Haagen Daz section of Chicago! He's about 45 years old, 5'8" tall, split finger nail on his left pinky, and a Rolex watch that was running a minute 33 seconds fast! That's all I remember!

It's a slim clue, but we'll check it out! For penance, say three Hail Marys!

Penance? That was more like a third degree than a confession!

I'd be right there with you, but I'm formulating a plan for the church to go "co-op" so we can sell each pew to parishioners!

Hang on! You guys can't leave without eating! All you've had is breakfast, lunch, dinner and a few snacks!



There's 75 Fudge Ripple Road! It's just an old warehouse! I think we've come to a dead end with this one, Sister!

Let me slip into yet another of my many disguises and see what I can learn!

Of all the mysteries we get involved with, the **biggest one** ■ where you get all those costumes from, Sister Stevedore!

Well, a lot of people **donate** their old clothes to the church, Father...

Hmm, I wasn't aware that **someone** in our parish works for the Ring-a-ding Brothers Circus!

Hey, what's a clown like you doing here?

I'm Sister, er, I'm Ronald McDonald's sister! I'm checking to see if this is a good area for a new McDonald's!



By the way, what's in the truck? You can tell me! If anyone can keep a secret, it's a clown!

You're right! There's rolls of paper, like what they print currency on! And large jars of green ink, like what they use to print currency with! And a paper cutting machine, like what they use to cut currency with! That's about it!

Explain how your **disguising yourself** as me and my **disguising myself** as you get us inside that warehouse?

Silly, I'm not you and you're not me! We're just **disguising ourselves** as a priest and a nun!

Now that is a **concept** that really stretches the imagination!



Hi! We're selling raffles for the annual church bazaar!

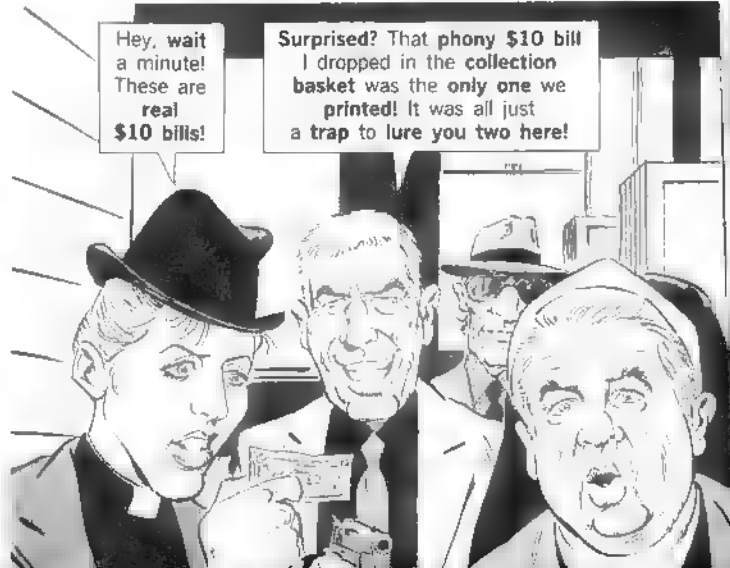
How much are they?

One folded-on-the-edge \$10 bill each!

Since I see **nothing** at all suspicious about a priest and a nun in a deserted neighborhood selling raffle tickets for only a folded-on-the-edge \$10 bill each at 1 A.M., I'll take ten tickets!

Hey, wait a minute! These are **real** \$10 bills!

Surprised? That phony \$10 bill I dropped in the collection basket was the **only one** we printed! It was all just a trap to lure you two here!



I'm very flattered you went through so much trouble to trap us! But why?

Are you kidding? Chicago's criminal world always had a great reputation in this country—'til you two came on the scene! Now we're the laughing stocks! With you out of the way, we can be back on top where we belong!

Hold it! You can't take a shot at Father Jowly unless you donate \$250! It's my new plan to raise money! We've already collected \$30,000 and the plan's only been in action a week!

Father! Sister! I'm so glad I found you!

And who are you?

I'm their housekeeper, Merry! These folks haven't had a home-cooked meal in two hours! I've brought baked zitl, garlic bread, a thermos of cappuccino and...

... what else did I bring? I know I brought something else! Oh, yes! The police!

You saved our lives, Merry! How did you find this place?

Well, I once read there are four million buildings in Chicago, and I knew you and the Sister could only be in one of them! So I started looking! First I tried the chapel, then this place! Call it dumb luck to find you on only the second try!

Take them away, officer! Justice has been served once again, thanks to our own special Lord Enforcement Agency, right Sister Stevedore?

Right, Father Jowly! I can hardly wait 'til our next caper! There's this cowboy outfit I saw in the donor clothing pile...

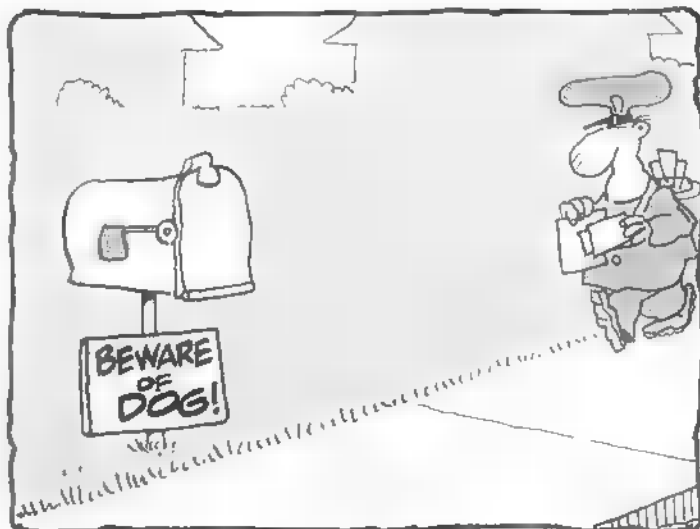
Sorry, but there isn't going to be a "next caper" for you two!

Michael Landon? From "Highway to Heaven"? Why on earth, if you pardon the pun, are you here?

God thought it was urgent that I came out of retirement for one more mission—to come and take both of you to that big re-run in the sky! Your dopey antics are giving Him a bad name!

THE PROVERBIAL POSTAL/POOCH PARABLE PART II

ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING





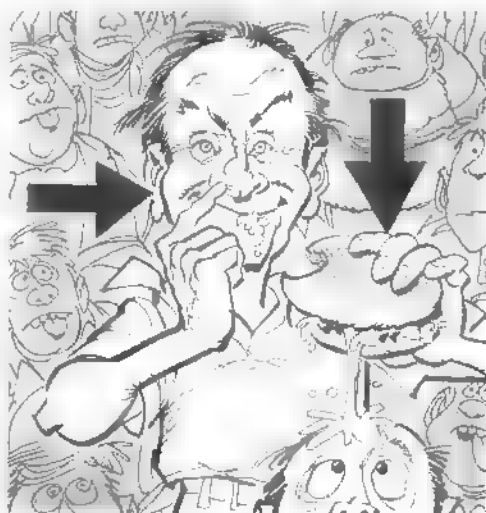
JARGON ■ PLACE DEPT.

A MAD SPORTS I On and Off the

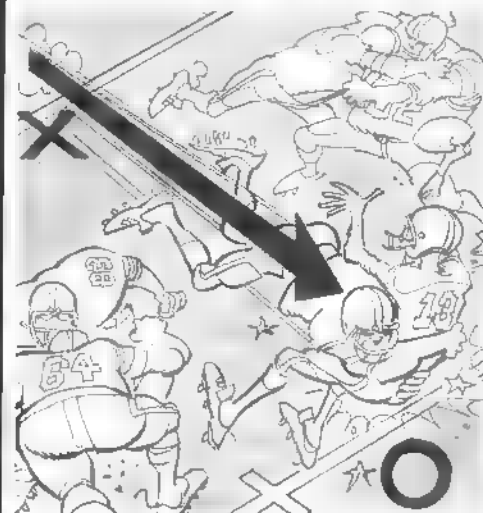
The "PICK AND ROLL"
...on the Court



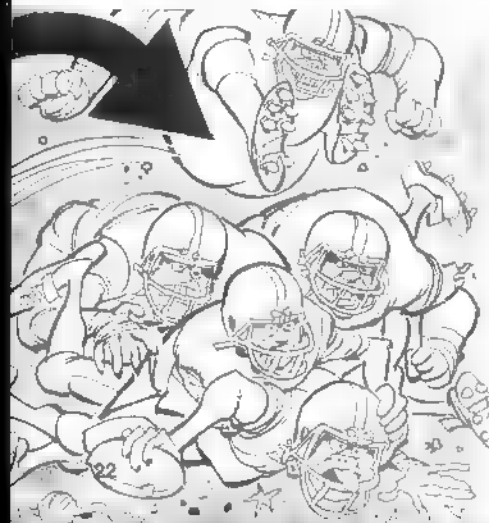
The "PICK AND ROLL"
...in the Stands!



The "BLITZ"
...on the Field



"PILING-ON"
...on the Field



"PILING-ON"
...in the Stands!



The "SUICIDE SQUEEZE PLAY"
...on the Field



Guide to PHRASES on the Playing Field

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

The "BLITZ"
...in the Stands!



"BODY CHECK"
...on the Rink



"BODY CHECK"
...in the Stands!



The "SUICIDE SQUEEZE PLAY"
...in the Stands!



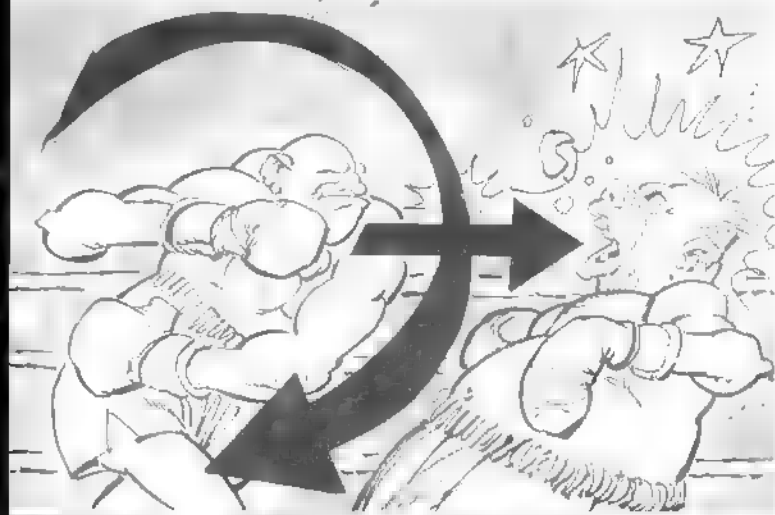
"BANK SHOT"
...on the Court



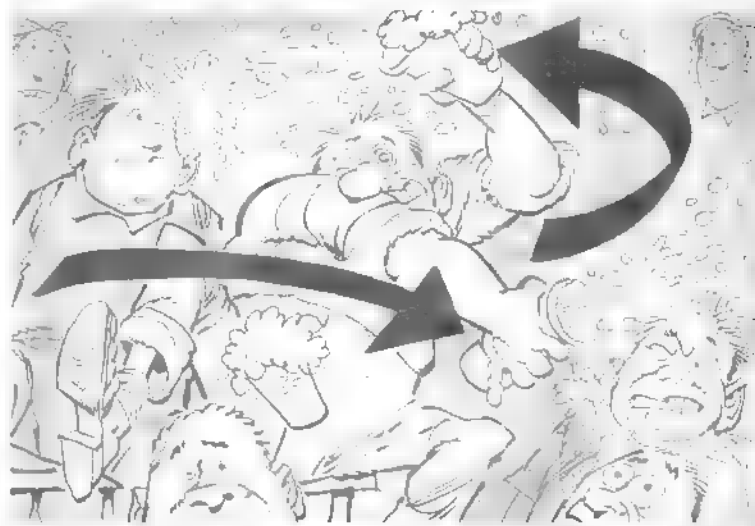
"BANK SHOT"
...in the Stands!



A "LEFT-RIGHT COMBINATION"
...in the Ring



A "LEFT-RIGHT COMBINATION"
...in the Stands!



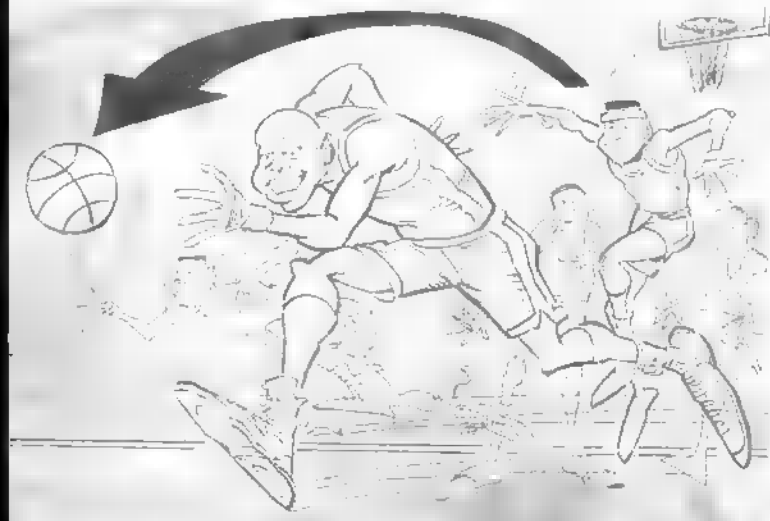
"HOLDING"
...on the Field



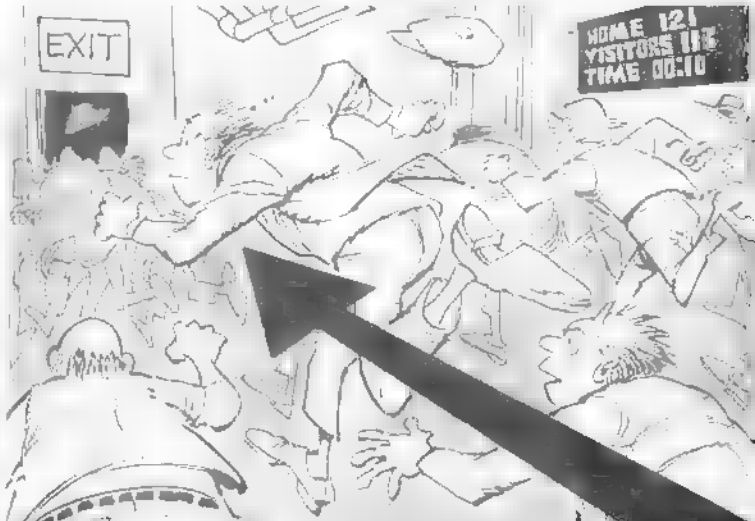
"HOLDING"
...in the Stands!

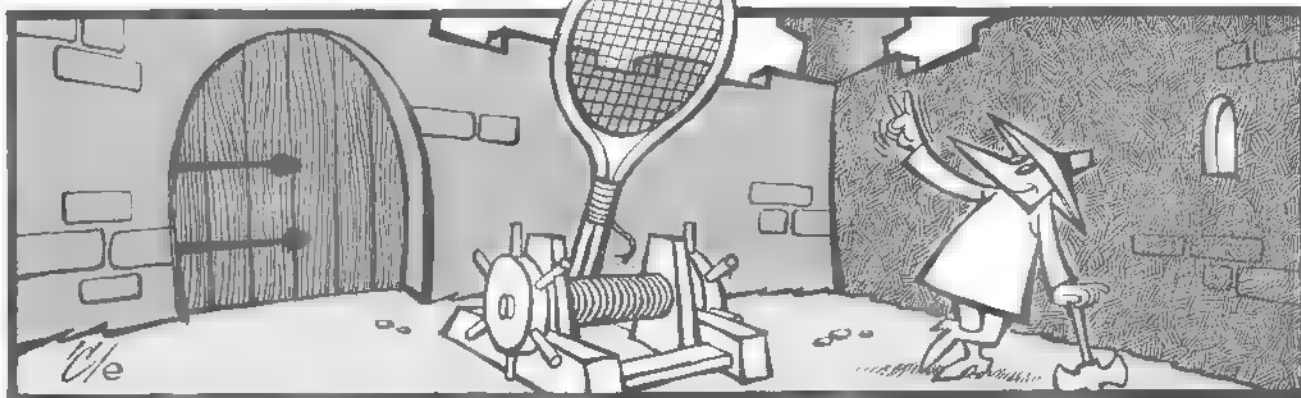
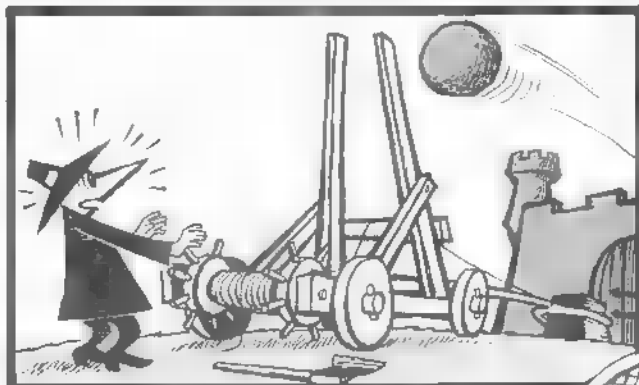
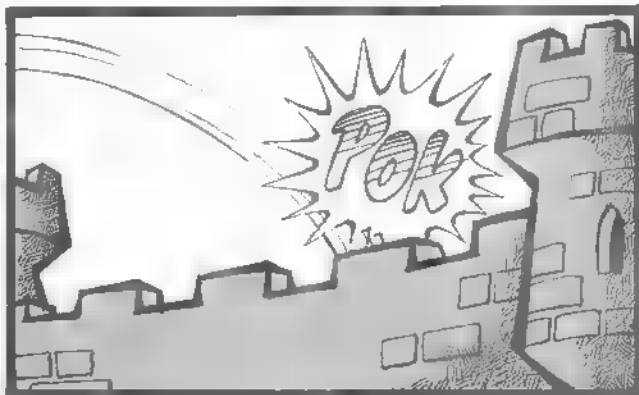
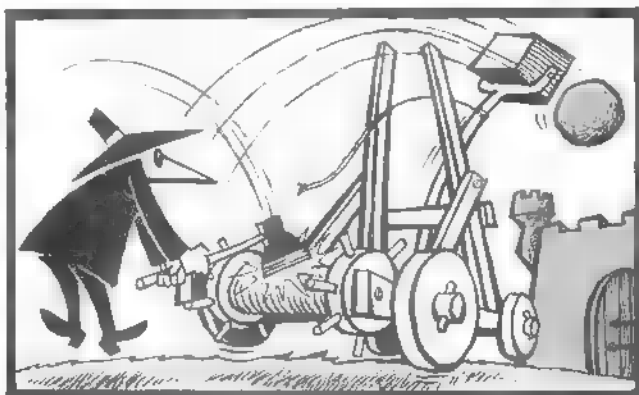
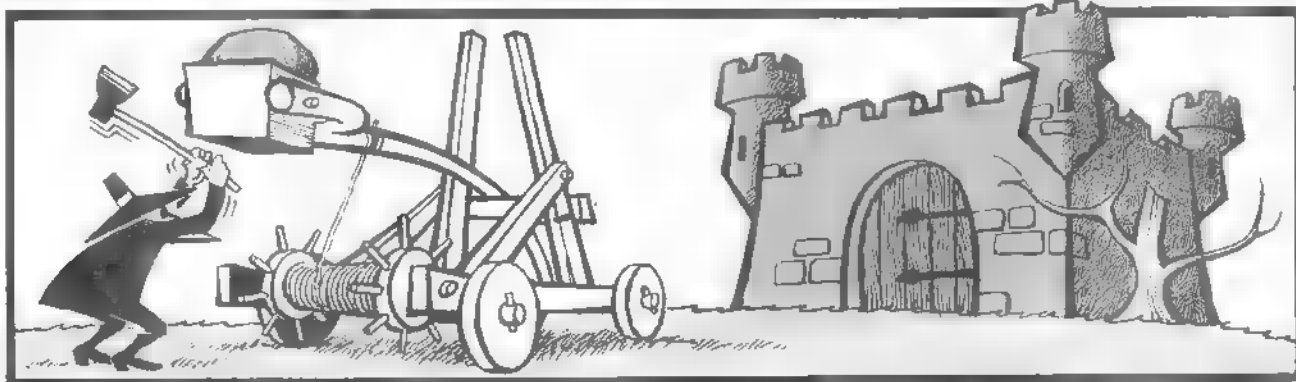
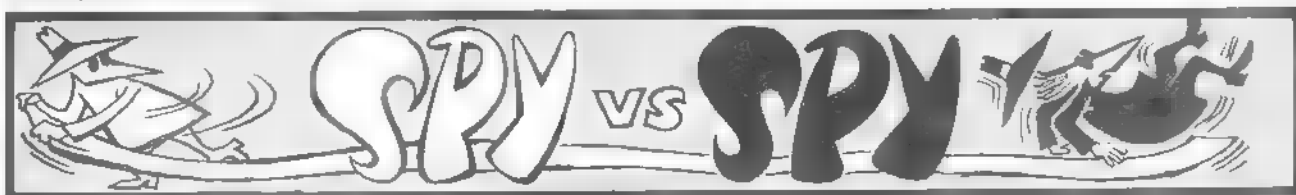


"FAST BREAK"
...on the Court



"FAST BREAK"
...in the Stands!





INCENTIVES



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

WAITERS



PHYSICAL FITNESS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

CURRENT EVENTS



EDUCATION

Don't drive so fast!
Move over to the right
lane! Stop tailgating!

Dad, who told you
how to drive before
you were married?

BANKING

I hope this check allays your fear
about the bad press we savings
and loan banks have gotten lately!

It sure has,
Mr. Chasanoff!
Thanks a lot!

Oh, er, just one small detail...
don't cash it until next Tuesday!

SELECTIVITY

When it comes to cars,
my brother has very
expensive taste!

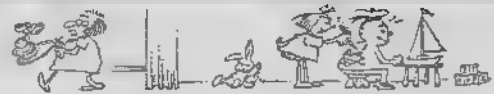
PRACTICALITY

I'm sorry, my
daughter
isn't home!

When's the
best time to
reach her?

Before the mall opens
and after it closes!

PARENTING



Mr. Korn, it gives me great pleasure to announce that **you** are the father of an adorable little girl!

Hey! Wait a minute! That's not fair!

I was here first!



ATHLETES

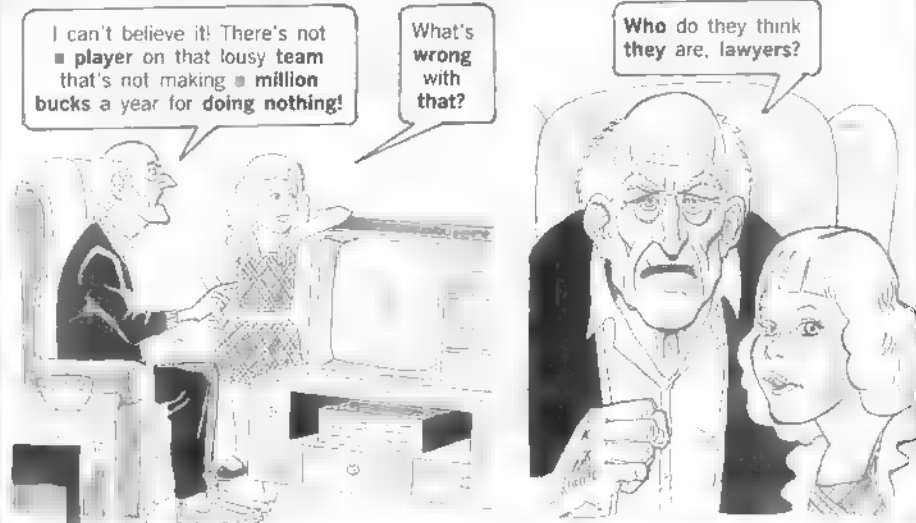
He never hits anything cheap!



I can't believe it! There's not a player on that lousy team that's not making a million bucks a year for doing nothing!

What's wrong with that?

Who do they think they are, lawyers?



MAKING CHOICES

Be a good boy in school, Teddy! And have a nice day!



It's gotta be one or the other!



THE OFFICE



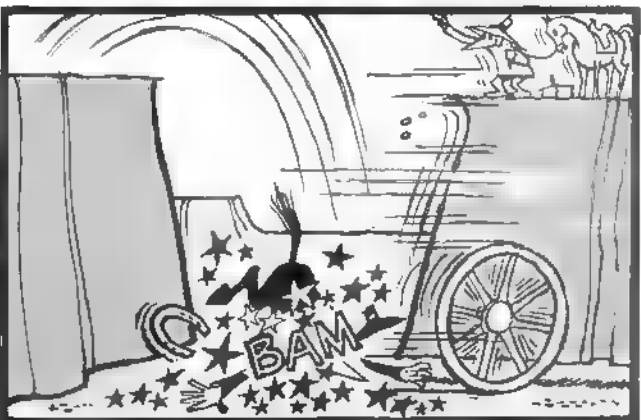
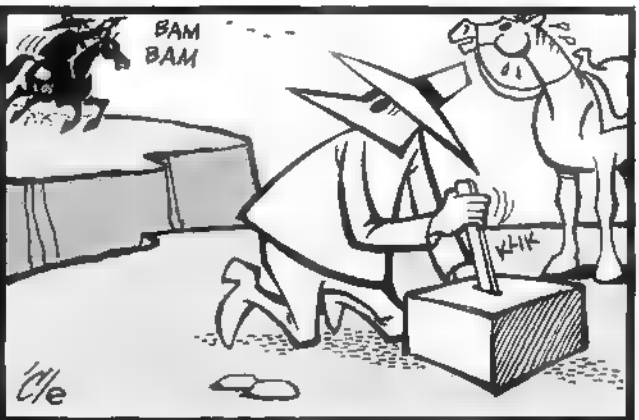
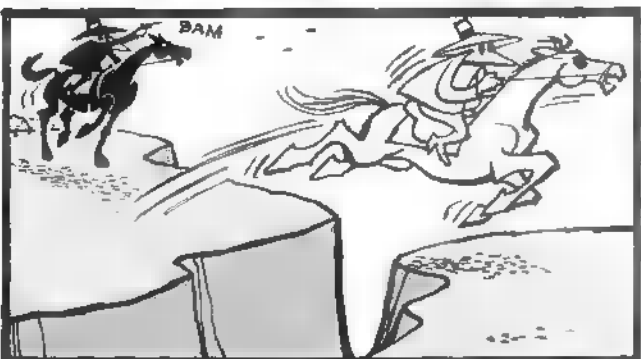
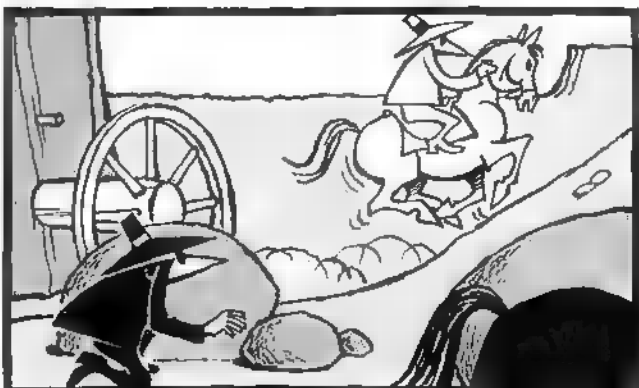
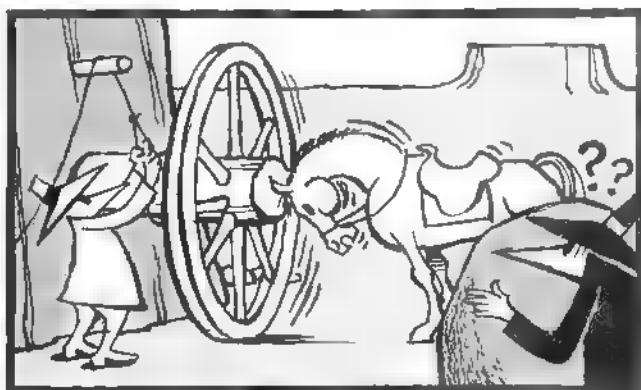
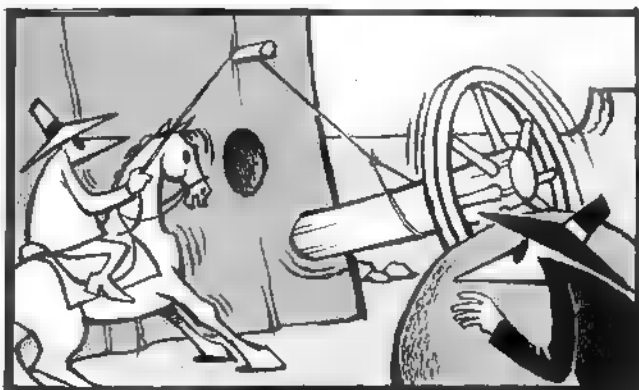
KNOWLEDGE



DOCTORS



SPY VS SPY

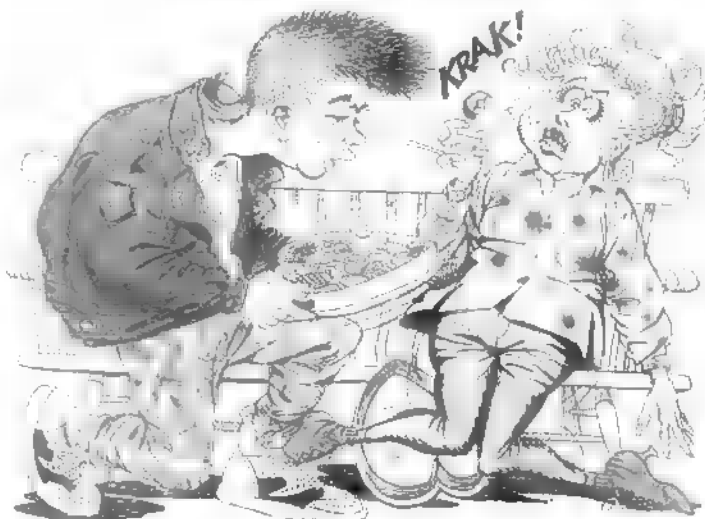


Every year around Christmas, magazines are filled with articles about how millions of people suffer from Christmas depression (brought on, no doubt, by those very same articles!). Unlike

WHY WE GET THE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Valentine's Day



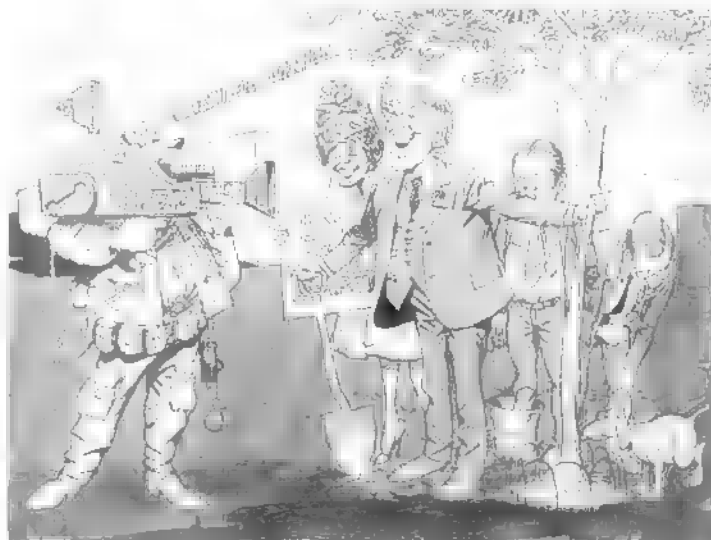
...is the time of the year when our loved ones show their affection towards us by giving us a 20 lb. box of chocolate that's been sitting in a warehouse all year long.

President's Day



...is the time of the year when greedy store owners honor a President who never told a lie by running deceptive ads, and a President who freed the slaves by keeping American consumers in continual debt.

Arbor Day



...is the time of the year when politicians who have passed legislation that's destroyed rivers and forests show their concern for ecology by planting a tree at a shopping mall.

Memorial Day



...is the time of the year when television announcers tell us to drive carefully so that we can watch race-car drivers kill themselves during the Indianapolis 500.

other magazines, though, MAD would *never* print depressing articles about Christmas. No, we'd rather run a depressing article about every holiday! So get ready as we give you a rundown of...

HOLIDAY BLAHS

WRITER: BARRY LIEBMAN

St. Patrick's Day



... is the time of the year when we show our respect for Irish-Americans by getting stinking drunk in their honor and throwing up our guts at their parade.

Labor Day



... is the time of the year when we celebrate our last remaining days of vacation by going out and enduring endless traffic jams, or staying in and enduring twenty hours of Jerry Lewis.

Mother's and Father's Day



... are the times of the year when every piece of junk that can't be unloaded on anybody at any other time is advertised as being "perfect for both Mom and Dad."

Columbus Day



... is the time of the year when we commemorate a man who lost two boats and ended up totally off-course by keeping the post office closed.

Halloween



...is the time of the year when stories of ghosts, goblins, and things that go bump in the night pale next to stories about psychos poisoning Trick or Treat candy.

Election Day



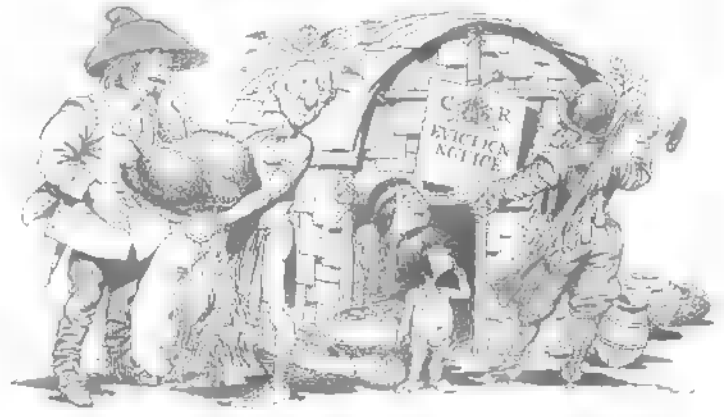
...is the time of the year when we officially give someone who has spent \$20 million to get a \$100,000 job the chance to manage our money.

Veteran's Day



...is the time of the year when we show our appreciation to all the old soldiers who hated marching in 10-mile hikes by allowing them to march in 10-mile parades.

Thanksgiving



...is the time of the year when we honor the notion of sharing by recounting how the Indians fed the same people who would eventually steal their land away from them.

Christmas



...is the time of the year when parents have to explain why the same Santa who's so worried about kids being naughty or nice is urging them to smoke and drink in cigarette and liquor ads.

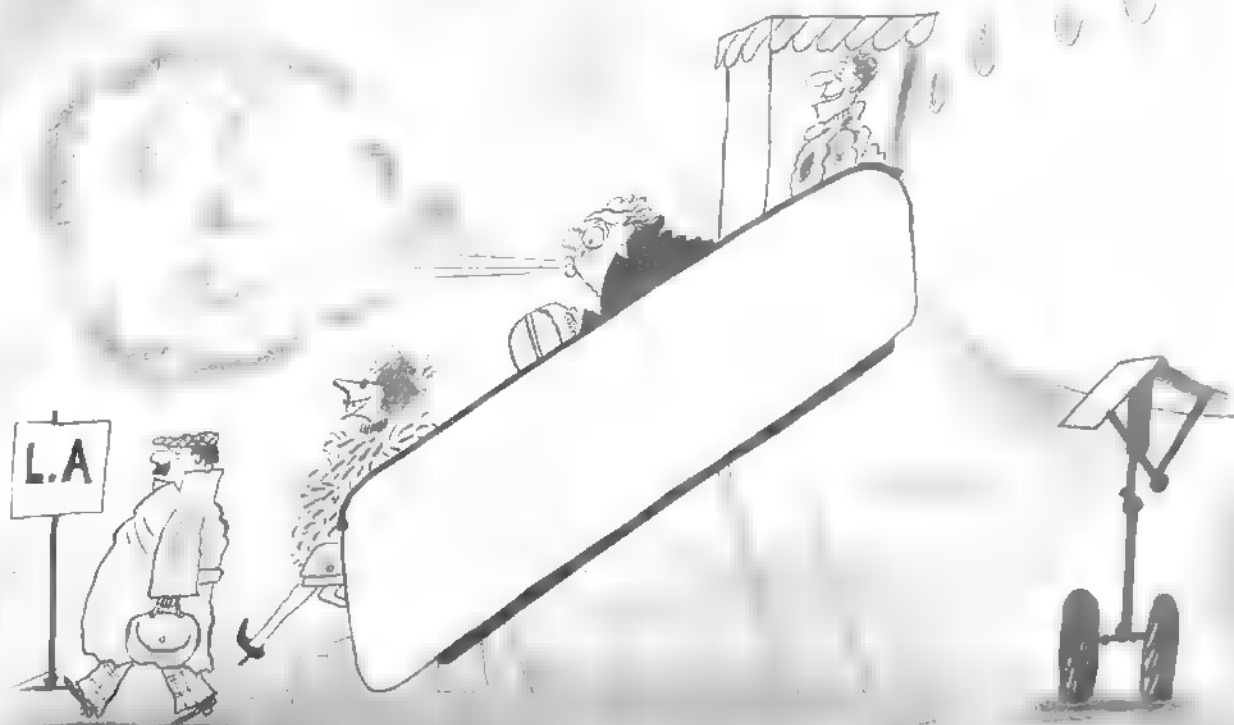
New Year's Eve



...is the time of the year when all the restaurants and night clubs show their holiday spirit by handing out noise-makers and raising their prices 400%.

HOW AND WHERE SNEAKY SMOKERS CAN HIDE THEIR FILTHY HABIT...

ON A CROSS COUNTRY FLIGHT...



AT A HOUSE PARTY...



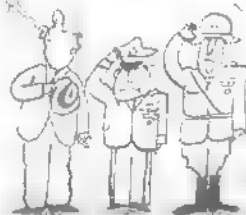
AT 20 BELOW ZERO...



**ON THE ROOF OF A
HIGH RISE APARTMENT
DURING A SMOG ALERT...**



DURING A TWENTY-ONE GUN SALUTE...



DURING A HURRICANE ...



ON AN INTERSTATE TRUCK ROUTE ...



DOWNWIND AT A BARBEQUE ...



ON THE RIM OF AN ERUPTING VOLCANO ...





THE SAMSONS

They're big, they're brawny, they're Biblical—they're the Samsons, a family of Old Testament toughies who can bring down the house. Head of the clan is dad Hunker Samson, the "Canaan Crusher," whose hobby is slaying heathens with the jawbone of an ass. "Actually," he says, "I use the jawbone of a Philistine; but any dumb animal will do." Constantly getting in trouble is long-haired son Beef Samson ("Eat my curls!"), who likes punching out camels and destroying any village with a name he can't pronounce. Beef lusts for a girl-friend, but he's yet to learn that arm-wrestling doesn't make for successful foreplay. It's a half-hour of Holy Land hilarity, Mondays on ABC.



THE BLIMPSONS

Move over, Roseanne! The Blimpsons—all 985 pounds of them—have arrived to fatten up the new season with gags by the gross. It's worth the weight as Barge—she's the gourmet of the family—serves up aged oxen under glass, thereby aiding the diet of husband Hogger, who's trying to bloat up to a respectable 350. To maintain her beachball figure, Barge waddles in to her beautician's for a four-hour flab-fold and hydraulic body-waxing. As she says, "A family that's gross together, stays close together," which isn't all that difficult, considering they live in an RV. You'll eat it up Tuesdays on

38 NBC.

TOON AGE MUTANTS DEPT.

Once a TV show is hot, it's only a matter of time before a bandwagon with a rip-off of the original, celebrated animated series. With this in mind

SIMPSON

WE'LL UNDOUBT

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO



THE SIMIANS

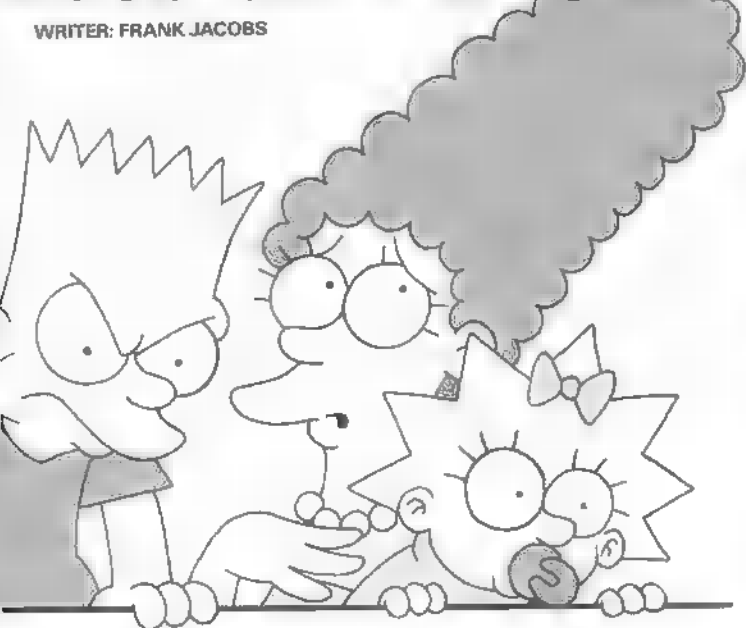
Searching for the "missing link" to primetime comedy? Then make way for the Simians, a cockamamie cave-dwelling clan of Misozoic misfits. "Evolution sucks," grunts eight-year-old Blog, whose favorite sport is granny-knotting the prehensile tails of troglodyte girls. This upsets sister Weeza, who looks forward to when she'll grow hair all over and be "a real woman." There's more pre-hysterical madness when club-swinging Humonga (he's a plus-16 handicapper) saves mate Mog from the clutches of an amorous iguanodon, then topples into a volcanic geyser and invents bathing. Catch all the howling Sundays on NBC.

of time before the other networks leap on the bandwagon. Such will surely be the case of the nation's most popular network, CBS. Let's look ahead to the future to some really lame...

RIP-OFFS

EDLY BE SEEING

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



THE SAMISENS

Have a yen for laughs? Then prepare for the nutty, Nipponese, totally dis-Oriented world of the Samisens. You'll meet young Bot-san, a Ninja dropout, who celebrates the anniversary of Pearl Harbor by exploding a sushi bomb in Dad Homa-san's kimono. Dad encourages Bot-san to take up hari-kiri ("Keep trying—you'll get the hang of it!"). Trying to keep the peace is wife Moj-san, who dutifully serves up meals of microwaved kelp while still clinging to her life-long dream of being a Sumo roadie. Making its bow Fridays on CBS.



THE SYMPTOMS

Here come the Symptoms, as klutzy a crew of clinical cut-ups as ever invalidated an invalid. Boasting the lowest operating rates in town ("We Hack and Slice at Half the Price!"), the staff is headed by chief surgeon Tumor, who constantly loses his patients, especially when young intern Botch shows off his enema-bag juggling during a hernia transplant. Head nurse Mange takes pride in her collection of gallstones ("The blue ones make exquisite earrings!") and sings spirituals to ease the pain whenever the anesthetics run out. "I love practicing medicine," boasts Tumor, "and I'll keep practicing till I get the hang of it!" Catch the fever Thursdays on ABC.

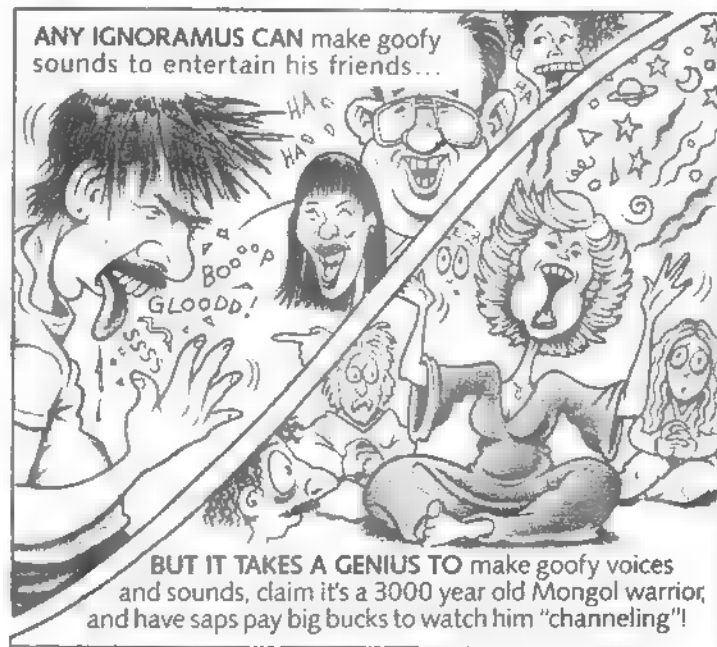
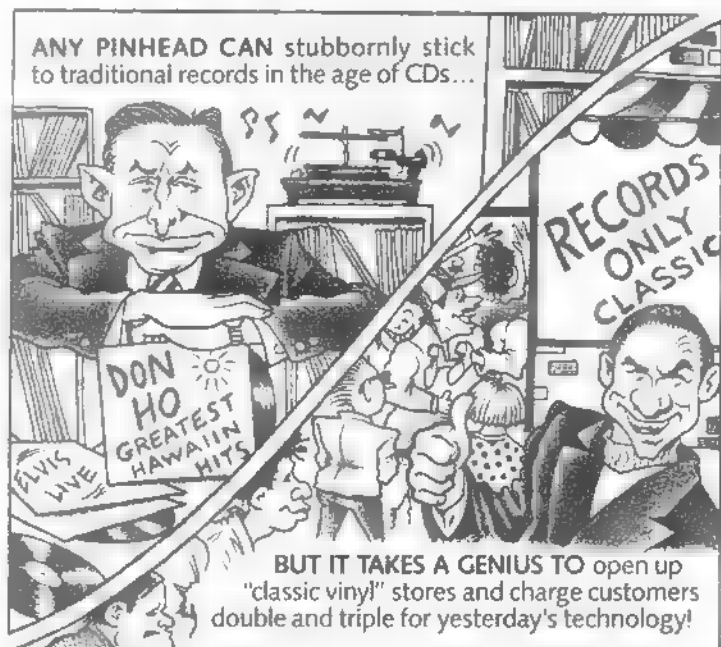


THE SIMPSEONES

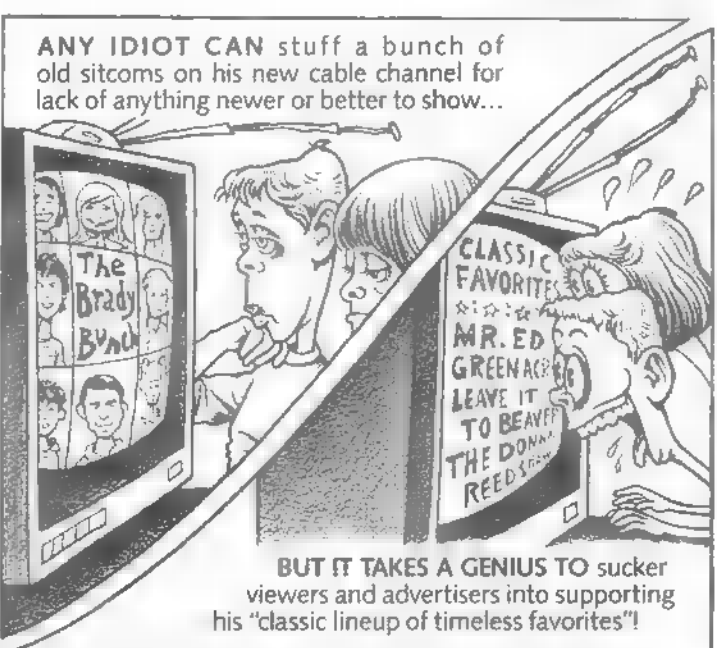
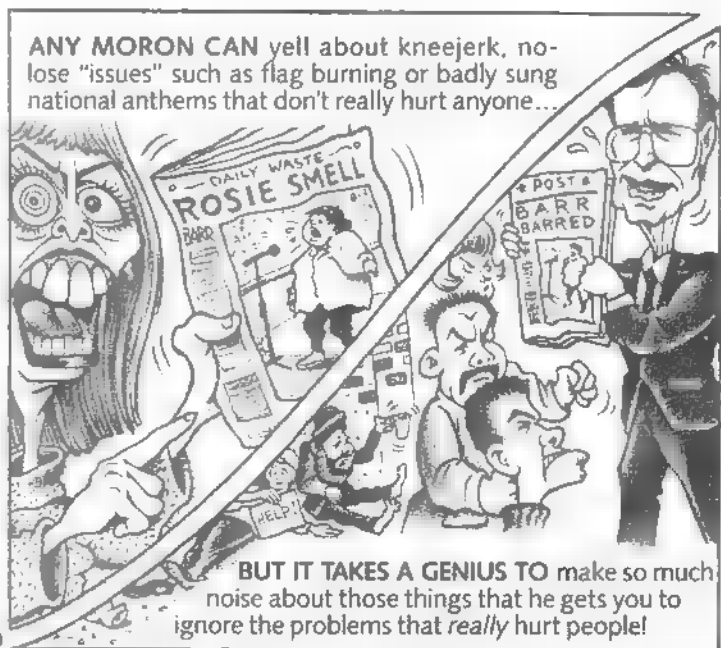
Ready for a hit? Then take a wild shot with the Simpseones, the Mafia's First Family of disorganized crime. Head of the clan is Godfather Don Homero, who loses what little respect he has when he starts hijacking garbage trucks ("I'll make them an offer they can't refuse for their refuse!"). He's aided by his young, blood-crazed capo, Barf, who's been declared an illegal substance by the Feds and shows his muscle by snapping the heads of small birds and putting out contracts on relatives he hates having to kiss. Barf does his killing in the local deli, where, as he puts it, "They can sleep with the knishes!" Taking over Wednesdays on CBS.

Sure, everyone's heard of Albert Einstein. We all know who Leonardo DaVinci is. Even Sparky Anderson is a household name. But what about folks like Hecky Peckersmith, Waldo Zipper and

ANY DOOFUS SCHMUCK BOZO MORON CRE IDIOT SCHMENDRICK BUT IT TAKES A



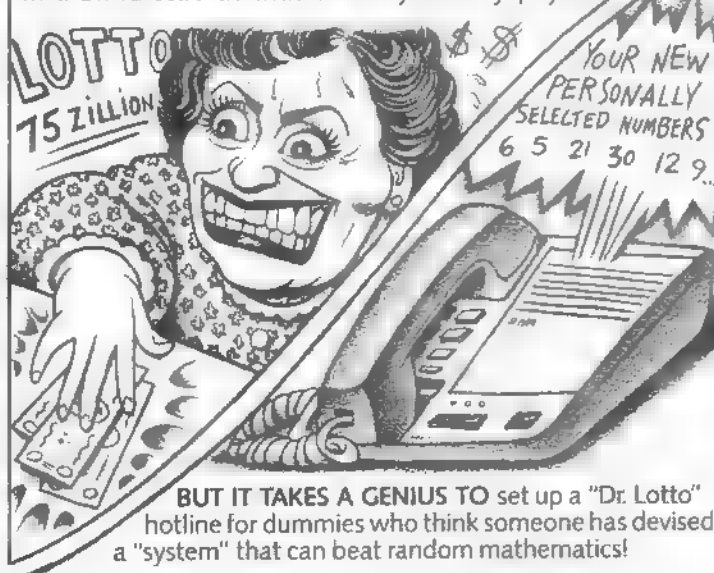
ARTIST: RICK TULKA



Clyde Bosco. We never hear a word about them—and why not? Because there's a fine line indeed between fame and anonymity, success and failure, brilliance and stupidity. For example...

PINHEAD TIN FOOL BOOB IGNORAMUS JERK CAN... A GENIUS TO...

ANY SCHMENDRICK CAN pluck down a few bucks in a blind stab at that unlikely lottery payoff...



BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO set up a "Dr. Lotto" hotline for dummies who think someone has devised a "system" that can beat random mathematics!

ANY JERK CAN fill his foods or beverages with foul, unhealthy chemical preservatives...



BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO leave all that crappola out, but charge customers much more for actually giving them less!

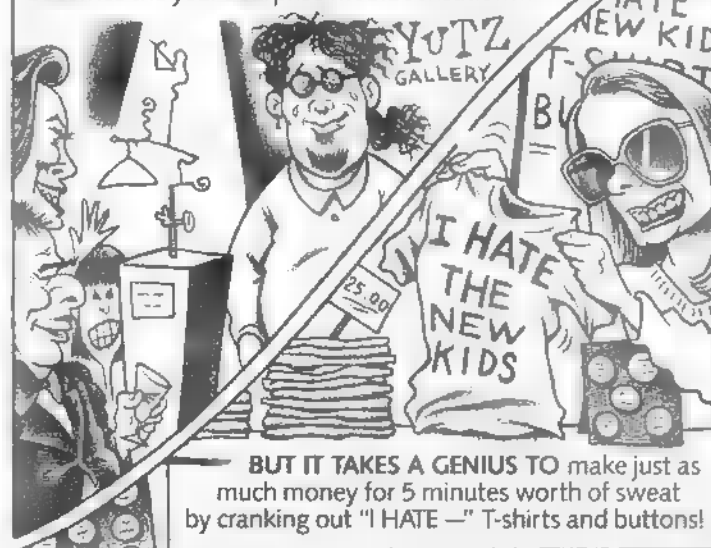
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

ANY BOZO CAN stupidly allow an obvious blunder to sneak through on the printing proofs for baseball cards...



BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO convince drooling collectors he's actually created a rare "error" card, making the demand for it go through the roof!

ANY BOOB CAN see thankless years of sweat and toil rewarded when his personal creation becomes the year's surprise media sensation...



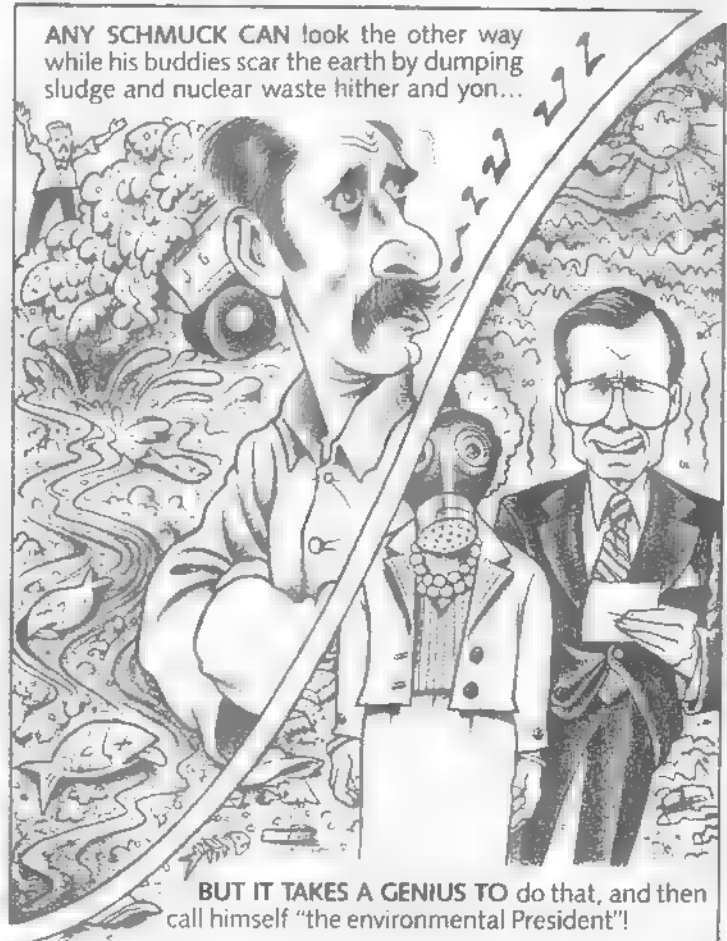
BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO make just as much money for 5 minutes worth of sweat by cranking out "I HATE —" T-shirts and buttons!

ANY DOOFUS CAN bore his friends with idiotic home movies of his brain-damaged children falling on their heads...



BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO put those idiot home movies on TV and make a mint!

ANY SCHMUCK CAN look the other way while his buddies scar the earth by dumping sludge and nuclear waste hither and yon...



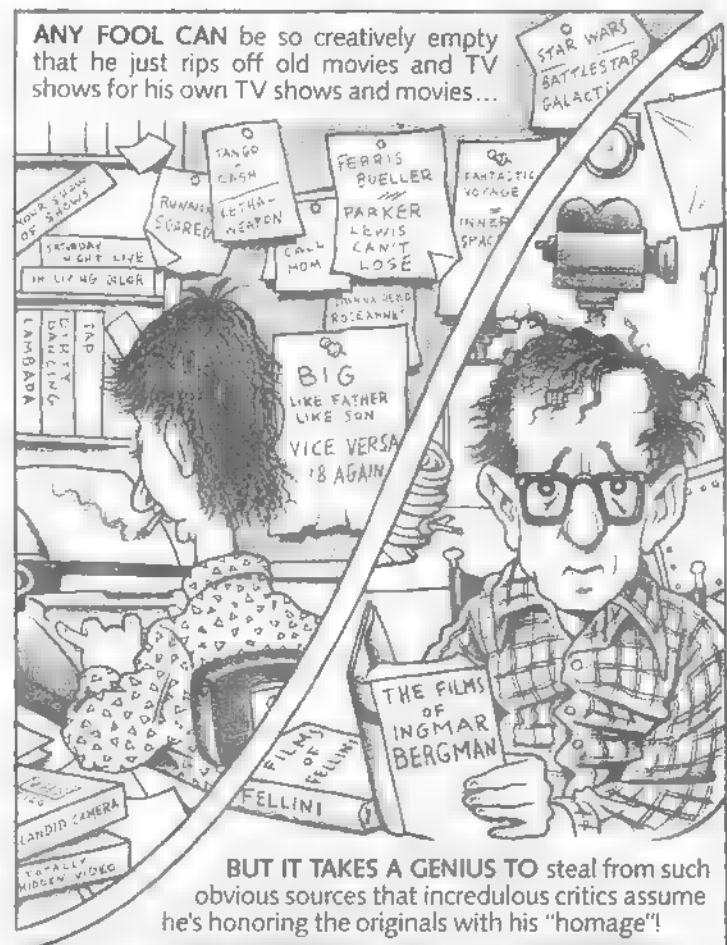
BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO do that, and then call himself "the environmental President"!

ANY CRETIN CAN foolishly decide to shelve the soda that's been selling just fine for 100 years and replace it with some new flavor...



BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO bring back the original a few months later, making the public grateful for the same old slop they always had!

ANY FOOL CAN be so creatively empty that he just rips off old movies and TV shows for his own TV shows and movies...



BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO steal from such obvious sources that incredulous critics assume he's honoring the originals with his "homage"!

Caprice, I've noticed that you speak in a boring monotone, lack any sense of humor, show absolutely no emotion and stifle feelings of love or romance!

I guess I'm a washout as a warm, caring human being!

Yes, but you're a natural as an FBI agent!!!

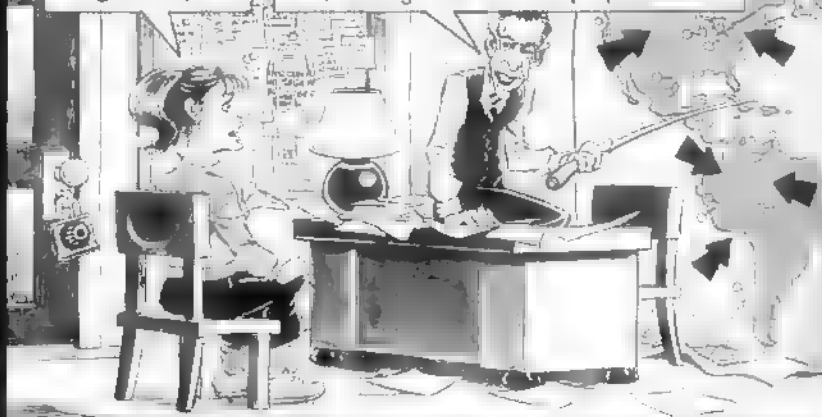
HURT
AGONY
PAIN
LOVE IT



What do you know about serial killers?

Not too much, except that Nut 'N' Honey makes me go all day!

Not cereal! Serial! For months we've been hunting for Bugaboo Bill, a sicko who skins his victims! Through clever case-work, we've determined he's somewhere in the Western Hemisphere! Only one man can help us catch him—the infamous Doctor Cannibal Specter—the savage and convicted people eater!



EWE SLAUGHTER BE IN PICTURES DEPT.

And so Begins another movie which features bloody killings, creepy psychos and the consumption of human flesh! If this is the type of action you crave, then you're going to love the acting in...

the violence of the hams

Welcome to hell! We keep the real crazies down here! The dregs of society! The violent psychos!

Over there is "VHS Vinny"! He went on a cross-country spree renting video tapes and then returning them before rewinding!

Next is "Crazy Carl"! He smuggled 500 tons of cocaine!

That's illegal but it's not crazy!

He smuggled it INTO Colombia!!

Finally, there's Cannibal Specter, once a brilliant psychiatrist who delved deep into the human mind! Then he acquired a different taste!

Oh really, what was that?

The human body—SAUTEED!



ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



What does Bugaboo Bill do after skinning his victims?

He dumps them in the river!

God, what a waste!

O! human life?

Of perfectly good food! He's throwing away a week of dinners! Two weeks if you don't mind leftovers!

I'll help you find Bugaboo Bill on one condition! After you catch him, I want to grill him!

That's against FBI procedures! Only an agent can grill him!

Okay, then at least promise me that you'll grill him medium rare?

Senator, when you talk to Spector, be aware that he's a twisted, pathological liar!

Don't worry, I'm used to dealing with liars! I'm on the Senate Ethics Committee!

I beg you! Help me find my daughter!

I'll take a stab at it, Senator! You're looking for a real cut-up who's carving a name for himself! A sharp killer, if you get the point!

Stop It! I can't stand listening to this monster!

You're upset by his lack of sensitivity?

No, by his horrible puns! It's worse than the drivel I hear at White House briefings!

Good God! Spector slaughtered guards Giordano and DiTonne!

Hmmm, I'm not surprised! He's always had a passion for Italian Food!

We've got the streets blocked off and the place surrounded! There's no way he can escape!

Unless, of course, Spector changed clothes with the guard and then used a small pocket-knife to perfectly skin the guard's face and then wear it like a mask! In which case that was really Spector they just took out in the ambulance!

That's absurd! Who could possibly buy such a ridiculous scenario?

Hopefully, ten-million movie-goers!

Let me go, Bugaboo Bill, and I won't tell anyone that you're a **transvestite killer** who kept me starved in a filthy pit until you could kill and skin me! I could really help you!

Help me? How?

Well, for starters, changing your lipstick! It's far too dark a shade for your light complexion! And those tacky, tacky earrings simply have to go!

I'm afraid for Caprice, taking on Bugaboo Bill all by herself!

Don't worry! She's been trained by the FBI!

That's why I'm worried!

I'm FBI Agent Stalking! I'm looking for a serial killer named Bugaboo Bill! Also, I'm all alone and on my first case!

I'm kind of busy right now, what with a girl screaming in the cellar and Roseanne-Head moths flying around my blood-stained knives and razors! Excuse me while I fetch my handgun!

**BANG
BANG!**

It's amazing! Bugaboo Bill had you at **point blank range**, you were completely vulnerable with no light ■ strange surroundings, yet you managed to kill him!

The Law was on my side!

The Law of Criminal Justice?

The Law of Happy Hollywood Endings!

Hello Caprice! This is Dr. Specter!

Dr. Specter! Where are you?

Far away! You don't have to worry! I won't be bothering you! I just called to say **goodbye!**

Wait! Before you hang up you have to tell me one thing! Why did Bugaboo Bill do what he did? Why'd he kill all those people?!

He did it to impress Jodie Foster—whatever that means!

FOREIGN
PAY PHONE

THE PROVERBIAL POSTAL/POOCH PARABLE PART III

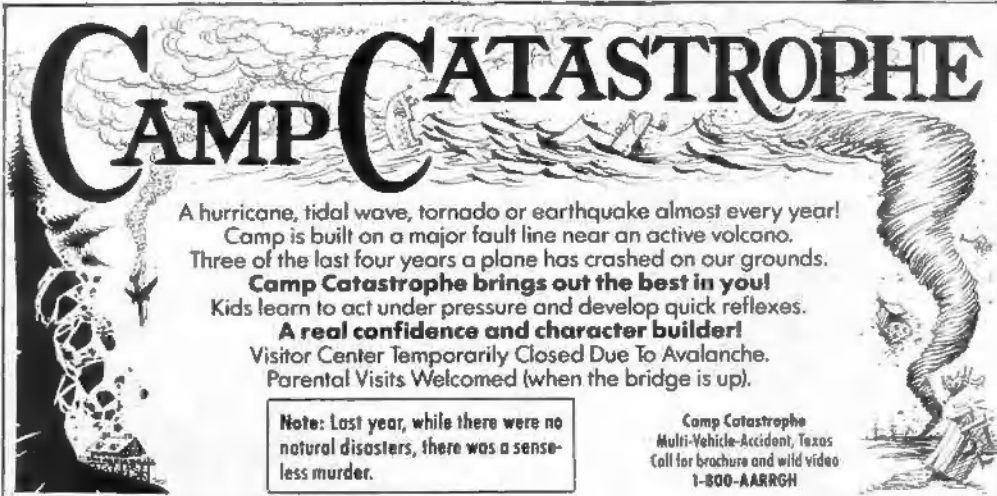


THE MAD SUMMER CAMP GUIDE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU

CAMP CATASTROPHE



A hurricane, tidal wave, tornado or earthquake almost every year! Camp is built on a major fault line near an active volcano. Three of the last four years a plane has crashed on our grounds. **Camp Catastrophe brings out the best in you!** Kids learn to act under pressure and develop quick reflexes. **A real confidence and character builder!** Visitor Center Temporarily Closed Due To Avalanche. Parental Visits Welcomed (when the bridge is up).

Note: Last year, while there were no natural disasters, there was a senseless murder.

Camp Catastrophe
Multi-Vehicle Accident, Taxes
Call for brochure and wild video
1-800-AARRGH

Camp Mall

CO-ED AGES 10-17

Gives your children the opportunity to spend the summer doing what they really want—hanging out at a shopping mall, all day, EVERY DAY!

Spread out over six beautiful paved acres, CAMP MALL includes two levels, 64 stores, eight escalators, Muzak and more! Activities include Hanging Out, Browsing, Sitting Around, Gossiping, Wasting Time.

Camp Director: Penney Sears
"Spend a Summer in the Great Indoors"
Camp Mall Route 46, Willowbrook, NJ



PETE ROSE'S BASEBALL BETTING CAMP


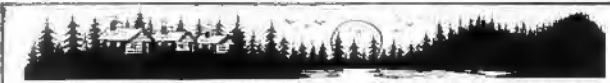
For the child exhibiting tendencies towards compulsive gambling

Experienced Staff! 3 bookies on premises!
Accredited faculty includes: Jimmy "The Weasel" Sartucci, Howie "Hot Tips" Tipps, Mr. "X" (Guest lecturer from Federal Witness Protection Program)

Charlie Hustle guarantees: "It's a safe bet!"
1-800-555-9274 711 Wager Road, Reno, Nevada


IN 4 WEEKS
YOU'LL LEARN:

- How to calculate the odds on all AL and NL games
- How to insist to the commissioner that you've never bet on anything
- How to sell your belongings and autograph to raise money for paying off loan sharks

CAMP KONOWOPONAMACDONOMIPOPACK

Our 39th year boys and girls 5-16 Complete Summer Session-\$3000
Campers spend an intense six weeks learning to correctly pronounce the camp's name. No other activities. Many campers have returned 5 and 6 times!
Located in the heart of the Simipradacomonokop Valley.
Send for free brochure. BOX 12, Adirondack, New York 1-800-QUERTY



Camp EXXON

Since 1989


Gives kids the chance to interact with their environment by spilling thousands of gallons of crude oil into pristine waters!

It's a chance to study wildlife "up close" as their movement is impaired by toxic filth! Government approved! Campgoers are not responsible for cleanup!

You've read about us and seen us on TV. Now you can join in the fun!

Head Counselor: Capt. Joseph Hazelwood, Prince William Sound, Alaska. Complimentary drinks!

Teens Only! \$1,950/Month



CAMP JASON

Not much to do during the day, but at night the fun *really* begins!

- Cabins with no locks
- Very deep lake
- Secluded (no telephones or any contact with the outside world)

Why just listen to scary campfire stories when you can actually *live* them!

A summer that kids will always remember...
IF THEY SURVIVE!*

Camp Jason Box 45 Hackensack, PA 89905

new counselors wanted—constantly

CAMP JASON

CO-ED
Ages
13-19

REVEALED!

DEB & TIFF:
SHOULD THEY WRESTLE
IN MUD, OIL OR JELLO?
OUR EXCLUSIVE POLL RESULTS!

STUPID TEEN

**YOUR
#1
TEEN
RAG!**

**50 SECRETS
WE MADE UP
ABOUT**

VANILLA ICE!

10 PAGES OF YOUR LOVE LETTERS TO LINEAR!
(THANKS TO YOU WE DIDN'T HAVE
TO HIRE ANY WRITERS THIS MONTH!)

**WIN
A KNOCKOUT
FRESH PRINCE
POSTER
PERSONALLY
AUTOGRAPHED
TO YOU!**
(BY OUR SECRETARY)

UNCOMFORTABLY HUMID AND SWEATY PIX!!!

A MAD
FAKE-OUT
MAGAZINE
COVER

KIRK! WYATT! RYAN! SCOTT!
WE DON'T KNOW THEIR LAST NAMES!

DANGEROUSLY SMOLDERING ASPHYXIATING PIX!!!!

WE FOLLOW TOMMY PUETT
Until He Obtains A
Restraining Order
Against Us!

OUTRAGEOUS CENTERFOLD!
THE EXACT SAME PINUP OF DOOGIE WE
RAN LAST ISSUE! YOU'LL BE OUTRAGED!

PLUS:
PHONY STORIES,
UNFOUNDED
RUMORS,
POTENTIALLY
DANGEROUS ADVICE,
PSYCHOTIC PEN PALS,
RIP-OFF FAN CLUBS
AND ADS ADS ADS!!

HOT SCALDING PIX!

**CORKY
NEMEC
WANTS YOU!**
(TO TAKE HIS
SATS FOR HIM)

SCORCHING BLISTERING PIX!!

**We Siphon Gas From
NKOTB's
Cars! Win A Pint!**